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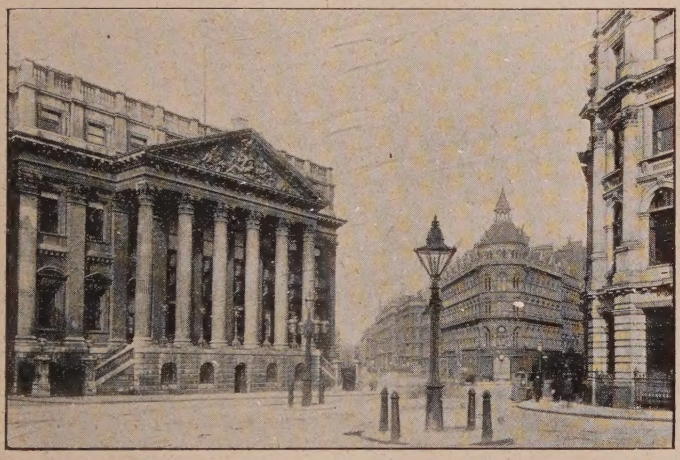
THE HEART OF THE EMPIRE.*

BY CANNIFF HAIGHT.



MANSION HOUSE.

To attempt a description of London, with its population equal to that of our broad and far-reaching Dominion, with its accredited history running down through more than nineteen centuries, with its more than three thousand miles of streets, with its thousands of interesting sights, with its hundreds of localities where scenes have been enacted that have shaped the history of the world, with its narrow lanes where men were born and lived, whose utterances have been, and ever will be, the beacons to all disciples of science, literature and art, such a task would certainly be an undertaking worthy the pen of the most courageous writer.

Entering Cheapside from Bow Lane, I pressed my way through the dense throng which constantly flows along this street, on to Aldersgate Street, pausing for a moment to look at the fine statue of Sir Robert Peel. Then, entering St. Martin's-le-Grand, I came upon the new General Post-office, an immense building in plain Grecian style. Passing up Aldersgate, I reach the Charter-House, founded by Thomas Sutton, for the support of eighty poor gentlemen, and for the education of forty poor boys. It has an income of £29,000

* Abridged by permission of the publisher from "Here and There in the Home Land," by Canniff Haight, Esq. 8vo, pp. 616. Price, $3.00.

a year. From this I proceeded to Holborn, one of the main arteries of London, and across the noble viaduct that leads into Skinner and Newgate Streets.

I turned down the Old Bailey in order to get a better view of the celebrated prison, where such men as William Penn, Defoe and Dr. Dodd were held in durance vile, and where Titus Oates and Jack Sheppard terminated their career of infamy. It is a massive structure, the external appearance of which indicates the grim purpose for which it was built.

many a cordial hospitality. From this we turn down Lombard Street. Here the old Lombard goldsmiths located at a very early period, and gave the name to the street. Their device, the three golden balls, may now be seen in every city. Whether they took it from the three golden pills of Medici, or from the three pieces of gold, the emblem of the benevolent St. Nicholas, is uncertain. It has now, however, come to be the universal sign of a pawnbroker, a class of persons who are not, it is thought, in the habit of troubling

CHEAPSIDE, LOOKING WEST.

The steeple of Bow Church is very much admired, and is said to be the finest production of Wren. It also contains a chime of bells of world-wide reputation—for who has not heard of "Bow Bells"?—and while I am writing these lines they are ringing out a cheerful peal, perhaps the very same that called Whittington, according to the nursery story, back to London. A cockney, to be the genuine article, must be born within the sound of "Bow Bells."

The stately Mansion House is the residence for the time being of the Lord Mayor, and the scene of

themselves very much with deeds of charity.

The Royal Exchange is a spacious building, the interior of which is adorned with numerous allegorical figures, beautifully painted frescoes, coats of arms and arabesque designs. The tall tower is surmounted by a great gilt grasshopper, the emblem of its founder, and in front of the great portico, on a granite pedestal, is a bronze equestrian statue of Wellington.

It is an interesting sight to pause here and watch the streams of people and vehicles that flow out

CHEAPSIDE, LOOKING EAST.

of Cheapside, Princess, Threadneedle, Cornhill, Cannon, King William and Victoria Streets and meet at this point. Jams occur not unlike those sometimes seen with floating timber on our rivers. People and vehicles get mixed up and packed together in an immovable mass, and are set free only by the interposition of the police. The passage across at any time requires a quick eye and nimble step.

From the Exchange we cross Threadneedle Street to the Bank of England. There is nothing attractive in the external appearance of this great monetary institution. The long walls, running up but a single story, are destitute of windows towards any of the thoroughfares, making it look more like a prison than the receptacle of untold wealth. It covers a quadrangular space of about four acres. The interior contains nine courts in addition to the offices, and a small military force is stationed in the bank to protect it.

The Tower of London stands on

GENERAL POST-OFFICE.

the north bank of the Thames, about a mile below London Bridge and in the oldest part of the city. Its walls embrace an area of over twelve acres.

It would be pleasant to dwell over the history of this old place, and talk of the days when King John held his court here, or when Henry III. founded the Lion Tower, and how Edward II. retired here against his subjects. Then we might think of the illustrious persons whom Edward III. confined within these walls, including David, King of Scotland, and John, King of France, with Philip, his son. How frequently the scene changes! The insurrection of Wat Tyler compelled King Richard II. to take refuge here, with his court and nobles, six hundred persons. He was deposed while imprisoned here, in 1399. Then Edward IV. enlivens the place with his magnificent court. Passing on, we find Henry IV. twice imprisoned in the fortress, and dying here. Deeds of blood next startle us. In front of the chapel there, the Protector, Gloucester, ordered Lord Hastings' head cut off on a log of timber. Then comes the horrible murder of Edward V. and the Duke of York by their Uncle Richard. Shakespeare thus pictures the deed:

"The tyrannous and bloody act is done;
The most arch deed of piteous massacre
That ever yet this land was guilty of."

Henry VII. frequently made the Tower his place of abode, and his queen also fled to it for refuge from the presence of her sullen and cold-hearted husband. The court of Henry VIII. was often held here, and here also that royal Bluebeard received all his wives, in great pomp, previous to their espousals, two of them, Anne Boleyn and Catharine Howard, subsequently returning to lose their heads. A few years pass, and then Edward VI. comes to keep his court in the Tower prior to his coronation. His uncle, the Protector Somerset, after being twice imprisoned here, was beheaded on Tower Hill. Now we see the fair Lady Jane Grey, entering the Tower in gorgeous array as Queen of England, but in three short weeks she and her youthful

HOLBORN CIRCUS.

ROYAL EXCHANGE.

husband are captives, and are beheaded.

Queen Mary next appears in the royal procession of dwellers in the Tower. She was a stern and unlovable character, permitting deeds to be done that have sullied the page of history, and winning for herself the unenviable title of "Bloody Mary."

There is another personage in the royal cortege who is to make no little stir in the world. Look at her as she enters at the "Traitors' Gate," a prisoner, and hear her exclaiming with all the dignity of conscious innocence: "Here landeth as true a subject, being a prisoner, as ever landed at these stairs; and before thee, O God, I speak it."

James I. resided here, and delighted in combats of wild beasts kept within the Tower for his amusement. During the stirring times of Charles I. and Oliver Cromwell, and the reigns of Charles II. and James II., the

BANK OF ENGLAND.

Tower was filled with prisoners, the victims of State policy, intrigue, tyranny or crime.

In Byword Tower Anne Boleyn was imprisoned, and among others, Archbishop Sancroft and the six bishops were confined here. A little way on is St. Thomas' Tower, and beneath it, the celebrated Traitors' Gate, and through it, with many others, "went Sidney, Russell, Raleigh, Cranmer, More."

The place of execution within the Tower walls, on the green, was reserved for putting to death privately royal criminals, and the spot, nearly opposite the door of St. Peter's Chapel, is marked by a large oval space, covered with broken flint. Hereon perished Anne Boleyn and Catharine Howard, Margaret, Countess of Salisbury, and Lady Jane Grey.

Passing on, we enter the White Tower. In the centre is a stand filled with ugly-looking instruments of torture, but our attention is especially directed to the heading-block on which Lords Lovat, Kilmarnock and Balmerino were executed, with the original heading-axe and black mask worn by the headsman who performed the deed of capitation.

Sir Walter Raleigh, who was thrice committed to the Tower, and finally executed at Westminster, was confined in the apartments now known as Queen Elizabeth's armoury.

THE MONUMENT.

We now ascend to St. John's Chapel, one of the finest specimens of Norman architecture in the country. On the upper floor is the council-room, where the kings held their court at the Tower. This and the banqueting-room are now used as depositories for small arms, of which the guide told us there were 60,000 of the latest approved rifles.

From this we were conducted into the Jewel House, where the crown regalia are kept within a

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

glass case, protected by a strong iron cage. There we could see the crowns and sceptres, the swords of Mercy and Justice, and other royal insignia, with the great Koh-i-Noor diamond.

St. Peter's Chapel, which stands to the north-west of the White Tower, is chiefly interesting because of its being the burial-place of the eminent persons who were executed within the Tower walls or upon Tower Hill.

In a court on the east side of Tower Hill, William Penn was born, and at the Bull public-house, Otway, the poet, died, it is said, of hunger. On the west side, in Great Tower Street, is the Czar's Head, built on the site of a former tavern, where Peter the Great and his companions, after their day's work, went to smoke pipes and drink beer and brandy. In the same street Thomson wrote his "Summer," being at the time a tailor.

"The Monument," on Fish Street Hill, built on the site of St. Margaret's church, destroyed in

LONDON BRIDGE.

the Great Fire of 1666, was erected by Wren to commemorate the burning and rebuilding of the city. It is a Doric column, over two hundred feet high. It is not only the loftiest, but also the finest isolated column in the world. Within it is a staircase of 345 steps. From its lofty top there is a fine view of the metropolis and its port.

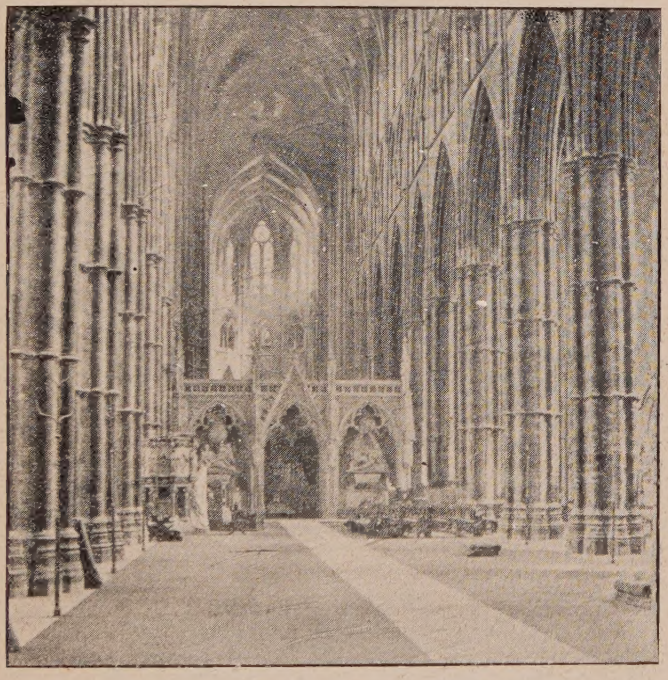
From the Monument we pass on to London Bridge. There was nothing that we had met with, thus far, in the city, that seemed so familiar to me as this. The present bridge was commenced in 1824, and consumed more than seven years in its construction. The roadway is fifty-two feet wide, and its lamp-posts are made from cannon taken in the Peninsular war. The stream of people and the traffic that flow over this bridge during the twenty-four hours of the day are almost incredible, amounting, it is alleged, to 200,000 persons, and 20,000 vehicles.

Our way now leads along Lower Thames Street, and brings us to the far-famed Billingsgate fish-market. This is a neat Italian structure of red brick, with a campanile towards the river. The old Billingsgate, of which we have read, and which we carried in our mind's eye, is a thing of the past. The site is said to have been used for a fish-market for nearly nine centuries.

ALBERT EMBANKMENT AND ST. THOMAS' HOSPITAL.

It is hardly necessary to say that a sail on the Thames presents a lively and interesting scene. Hundreds of steamers, crowded with passengers, dart swiftly by. How they work their way through without coming in collision seems marvellous. At Blackfriars Bridge we have the commencement of the Thames Embankment, then the Middle Temple; after this, King's

College and Somerset House, with its noble front, the Savoy, rich in historic incident, Charing Cross Station, Whitehall, and the Houses of Parliament, behind which stands Westminster Abbey. Across the river from the pier we have a fine view of St. Thomas', the grandest of London hospitals, and a little farther on the Towers of Lambeth Palace and St. Mary's Church.

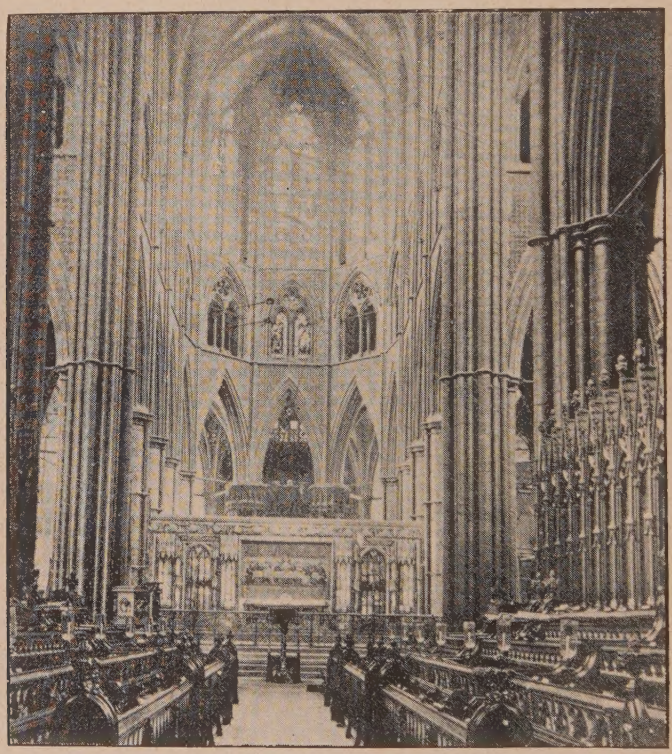


CHOIR, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Turning away from the pier, we soon reach the grand old Abbey of Westminster. We enter it by the north porch in St. Margaret's Churchyard. My mind was too much occupied with the memorable scenes that had taken place within this old temple to talk with my companion. There is not a place in the world, I think, which calls up such a multitude of recollections, such an array of events, as this Westminster Abbey. All around me are the memorials of the great, and on the marble pavement many an illustrious name spoke of the silent sleeper beneath. One may gaze with admiration down the long-drawn aisles, with their noble columns and fretted vaults, or upon the lancet windows, with their beautifully stained glass, through which comes streaming "a dim religious light." But after all the first and last thought is with the mighty dead, whom the nation has been wont to honour by placing their remains within this noble shrine.

We shall not speak of its history, which runs away back to Sebert, King of Essex. Nor can we dwell on the grand monuments which cover the remains of the kings and queens of England, from Sebert the Saxon and Athelgoda, his queen, down to the present age; nor on the monuments to royal

personages, nobles, warriors and statesmen, which crowd the chapels on either side. At every step familiar names attract attention, and carry our thoughts along page after page of English history. The feuds and strifes of families, the heart-burning and animosity of rivals have here found an end, and ancient foes lie quietly together. Even the imperious Elizabeth and the proud Mary Queen of Scots now sleep peacefully side by side.



NAVE, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Passing along the north transept, where there are monuments and statues of many of England's great statesmen, we proceed to the south aisle and enter the transept known as the Poet's Corner—perhaps the most interesting part of the Abbey. Here we can sit and chat with poets from Chaucer down to the present age; with historians from Camden down to Macaulay; with gruff Sam Johnson or the polished Addison; with the peerless Shakespeare, or Garrick, one of his greatest delineators; with Handel the musician, or Sheridan the orator and wit; with Thackeray or Charles Dickens, the latter of whom lies under a plain black marble slab set in the floor. The company embraces all that is best in English literature.

Leaving the Abbey, we proceed to Westminster Hall, once a part of the ancient royal Palace of Westminster. It is the largest room but one in Europe, and has witnessed many stirring events. In it Cromwell was inaugurated Lord Protector, and after a few years had passed away, his head,

along with those of Ireton and Bradshaw, was placed upon the south gable, and there Cromwell's remained for twenty years. Sir William Wallace was tried in the old hall, and in the present one Sir Thomas More, the Protector Somerset, Devereux, Earl of Essex, Guy Fawkes and his fellow-conspirators, the infamous Earl and Countess Somerset, and the Earl of Strafford were tried and condemned. Here, too, Charles I. faced

HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

his judges, and later the Seven Bishops, Sacheverell, the Earl of Derwentwater, and the rebel Lords of Scotland—Kilmarnock, Balmerino and Lovat. Later still, Burke, Fox and Sheridan made the old rafters ring with their eloquence, when the deeds of Warren Hastings in India were laid before the world. The last trial was the impeachment of Lord Melville by the Commons, in 1806.

The Houses of Parliament are close at hand, and independent of the merits of their architecture and extent, they are interesting as the place where the Legislative bodies of Great Britain assemble to make the laws which govern the empire and its vast possessions. The rooms where the House of Lords and the Commons meet are in keeping with the wealth and requirements of a great nation. The interior decorations, frescoes and paintings are the work of the first artists of the land. Statues of kings and queens and eminent men occupy niches in the halls and lobbies. Whatever money and skill can do to ornament and beautify both the interior and exterior of the vast building has been done. The massive clock tower rises 320 feet. The dials are thirty feet in diameter, and the great bell weighs eight tons. Victoria Tower, at the opposite end, is 340 feet high, and is the sovereign's entrance.

FROM COURT TO CABIN.*

BY T. SOMERSET BATEMAN.

COUNTESS ADELINE SCHIMMELMANN.

The name of the Countess Schimmelmann is a household word in Germany and Scandinavia, to which countries her labours have been chiefly confined. It will ever remain true that fact is stranger than fiction. Of this the story of the Countess is a strong proof. On every side it is said that Christianity is becoming too respectable, and that a touch of persecution would be useful to awaken more of the spirit shown by the old martyrs. This devoted servant of Christ has suffered untold agony on account of her devotion to the Cross, and her labours for her Master, and this, too, at the very time when everyone believes that the days of persecution are gone forever.

* Adeline, Countess Schimmelmann. Hodder & Stoughton, 1896.

Countess Adeline Schimmelmann was born at the Castle of Ahrensburg in Holstein, in 1854. Her father was a Danish Count of the highest rank. The Countess has "a vivid impression that her first nurse was a pious Christian." One of the greatest delights of her childhood was to turn over the leaves of a large illustrated Bible. She loved to take part in the amusements of her brothers, and soon learned to row, fish, bathe, and climb trees. The first great event of her life was her confirmation, and at the dinner which followed this important ceremony her father said he would not drink her health, but give her a motto for life. The one he chose seems almost prophetic when her later life is known. "Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

On leaving school the young Countess was presented at the court of Berlin, and at once so won the favour of the Empress Augusta that the latter wished to make her a member of the Court. The father's wisdom was averse, but the mother's vanity brought about the daughter's appointment as maid of honour. She was free to come and go as she chose, but for the next eighteen years she was attached to the Court. So great was the love of the Empress for her favourite attendant that the Crown Prince Frederick once introduced her to a stranger as the most highly-favoured young lady of Germany. But worldly success did not satisfy the deep longings of her heart, and during her father's long illness she discovered that Christianity was only a beautiful poem to her, and not the one

supremely true fact of her life. It was at this time that she uttered the cry : " O God, give me but a drop of the love of Christ and a spark of the fire of the Holy Ghost !" She began to see the great gulf fixed between the habits of her life and the commands of the Gospel. This gulf she longed to bridge. But how ? For women in Germany, and especially women of rank, were practically interdicted from taking part in any public work.

In February, 1886, Pastor Otto Funcke, of Bremen, delivered a speech in Berlin which roused great indignation because of the severity with which he criticised the indifferent lives of ladies of the upper classes. The Countess heard the speech and sought the speaker's advice; but he did not look with much favour on what he took for a momentary flash of repentance in the life of a devotee of fashion and folly. The death of her father in that year led the Countess to retire to the island of Rugen in the Baltic Sea, where she trusted to renew the freshness of mind and body which had been impaired by her recent troubles. There she found, not, as she expected, an opportunity for solitary meditation, but work ready to be done. This she at once accepted as sent of God.

The fishermen of the Baltic lead a very precarious but arduous life. As the ice impedes their work during the winter months they must work doubly hard from February to November. Their boats contain only a small locker, and they pass day and night in the open air, exposed to the full fury of wind and storm. To add to their troubles the growth of the watering-places led to efforts on the part of their inhabitants to get rid of these rough sea-bears. They refused to sell them food, and forced them to resort to the canteens, where they were fleeced of their hard-won earnings. One Sunday, the Countess saw a party wandering about unable to obtain food either for love or for money, so she made her cook prepare them a good meal, and went without dinner herself for the first time in her life. The pangs of hunger taught her to feel sympathy with others, and she determined to start a sailors' home. People in society thought her mad, while the publicans were greatly incensed by a proceeding which was sure to ruin their iniquitous trade.

She purchased one tavern, but it was burnt during the night preceding the day on which she was to take possession. She established reading-rooms at different places, where the fishermen could spend Saturday and Sunday. She herself lived in a small cottage built of wood and clay, which contained only four small rooms. Near this was built a home for fifty fishermen. Her work led to a thorough reformation in the lives of these wild fishermen, and many were the homes made happy by her influence. The sailors called her " mother," and sought her advice in every difficulty. The Countess strove not only to improve their lives, but also to win their souls for Christ. She gives the following testimony to the blessedness of work : " I have only really lived since I began to live for my fellow-creatures. Even physically I am much stronger than in those days, as I am obliged to work from morning to night, and have no time to think so much of my health."

Beside the work on the island of Rugen, the Countess had another station at Greifswalder Oie, another and smaller island. There she lived in a damp building, where it was difficult to keep provisions fresh. As everything had to be brought from the continent

the supply often ran short, and sometimes food had to be fetched in the teeth of a fierce gale. Mercifully the sailors were preserved, when on these errands of love. The people were so poor and made so little from the fishery that the Countess had to give them good meals through the winter. Some families are obliged to subsist through the winter on nothing but herrings, potatoes, and chicory water.

Appeals to the Government brought little or no relief. Officials came, and officials went, but poverty still grew apace. The Countess sums up the Government of Germany in a bitter sentence : " Everything—the sea not excepted—must be controlled by strict military rule !" The letters she wrote to members of the Government were written on a piece of board laid across a herring tub, while a stone served as a seat to this primitive writing-desk. The monotony of the work was relieved by occasional visits to the neighbouring towns, where the Countess would spend her time in talking to the children and trying to influence them for good. An attempt was made to ruin one Home in her absence by inducing the manager to sell brandy; but on her return she promptly dismissed him. Next an ambush was laid in a wood, but she passed by unseen. A Christian brother who came to help and protect her acted the part of the priest and Levite, and soon left the work in disgust. On his departure she took boys and began to train them, while a little later she adopted two neglected boys. Though they were repulsive to others, she learned to be proud of them, and used every care to aid them to recover from the effects of early neglect.

The Countess went to Berlin in 1891, at which time there was great misery among the unemployed. " The demon of hunger was rampant. No religious restraints checked the passions or soothed the sorrows of the poor." She threw herself into the breach at once, and gathered a small band together, first in a room belonging to the Young Men's Christian Association, and, later, in the Church of the Moravians. She got them to make fancy furniture, which she sold to her friends. Thus they were kept from starvation.

A police officer said to her one day in astonishment : " Do you know, Countess, that you are in the midst of a set of men over whom no power on earth has any control ? How is it that you are able to make them sit and work here as quietly as lambs ?" The Countess writes : " I had just been drawing designs on the hard wood from which our furniture was made, and my fingers were bleeding freely, for I had been trying to provide work for fifty carvers. I thought this a good opportunity of speaking a word in season to the officer; so, showing him my hands, I said : ' If we can only let these men see that we love them to the point of sacrificing ourselves for them, they will then believe in the sacrifice of the Son of God on the cross for their redemption, and, seeing the power of His love in us, they will accept His Gospel.' "

The singing of hymns led to their expulsion from the room by the indignant proprietor, who refused to give up the furniture made by the men till a police-officer came to the rescue. But man's extremity is God's opportunity, and within an hour the workmen were transferred from the snow of the street to a workshop in one of the best streets of Berlin. Besides helping in this way, the Countess went and spoke to the riotous workmen as they filled the streets in passionate mobs; she gained audience where

all others failed, and told the hungry and homeless of Him who alone can give the Bread of Life. In the spring of 1892 she had found situations for all her workers, and so was able to leave this branch of her work in order to gain much-needed rest.

Her family were highly indignant at the mode of life adopted by the Countess, because "for any lady to engage in public work directly, in the way in which it is done in England and America, is regarded as an unpardonable breach of the proprieties." Attempts were made to set her wood cottage on fire; rumours reached her of a plot to make her disappear for life. A committee received large sums for her work, but never paid her a penny of the money, while they induced her to advance large sums in anticipation of their help. To crown her troubles one of her foster-children caught the cholera. This frightened the visitors from the neighbouring watering-places, and brought her the hatred of their inhabitants. As soon as possible she took the patient on board her yacht and put out to sea till he recovered. Then she went to the Alps, but, as her boys could not stand the climate, crossed the mountains on foot into the Tyrol. On that occasion, she went by a path that had never before been traversed by woman's foot during the time of the snows.

On her return the action of the committee forced her to close her Homes for a while till she could save money to conduct them on her own lines. The fact that her money was all being devoted to her Mission increased the wrath of her family. In February, 1894, she went to Copenhagen to get the best medical advice for one of her boys. While there she was decoyed by her brother into the People's Hospital, where she underwent terrible sufferings for five weeks. A doctor was persuaded to declare her insane, and she was thrust among the worst cases that could be found. Would-be suicides were her daily companions. The food she received was not fit to eat, and she only forced herself to eat it lest her nerves should give way. The clothes she was made to wear were filthy. Her cell was open to the corridor, and she could only wash in full view of those who passed. Nails were put into her meat in order to bolster up a theory that her mind was disordered.

The place was used by the police for the temporary lodging of all prisoners who simulated madness or showed signs of mental weakness, and among such the Countess heard of wickedness of whose existence she had never dreamed. An attempt was also made to force her to take morphine to support a story that she had shattered her nerves by using that drug, but she steadily refused to take any. When the doctor saw that the little exercise she got was a relief to her he flew into a rage and put a stop to it. Her relatives said that she had left the country on a voyage to England or Germany, but rumours to the contrary reached the ears of her friends.

The visit of a Member of Parliament to the People's Hospital forced the doctor to send the Countess to a State asylum, where a certificate was soon given that she was free from any mental taint. She went to the castle of a friend to recruit her shattered health as far as possible. A perfect recovery was impossible. "I shall never regain the youthful elasticity my wholesome and active life had helped me to keep. The treatment to which I was subjected has left an affection of the heart, which I am afraid will never leave me." On the Countess' return to

Denmark everyone welcomed her. The newspapers were unanimous in condemning the treatment of her, and in demanding that the law should be so amended as to prevent the recurrence of such a case. She refused to take any steps against those who had wronged her, and in Denmark the law does not prosecute an offender save at the instigation of the offended party.

During the imprisonment of the Countess her brother had seized her estate, and made sad ruin of her property. But now her case became public others desired to help. She sold her jewels to buy a suitable yacht in which to carry on her work among sailors. The Queen of Denmark and the Princess of Wales have kindly helped the work. The Countess hopes to widen the sphere of her operations, and to carry on an International Sailors' Mission. To do this she is making great sacrifices. "Joyfully do I place at the feet of Jesus everything which the world counts dear. Wealth, rank, titles, honours, friends, comfort, and even reputation I gladly resign. In surrendering body and soul freely to Christ a joy is to be found which brings present recompense for the bitterest sufferings it involves; a joy so glorious, that in the radiance of it the pleasures of earth fade to nothingness, a joy which is to be found only in the love of Christ."

—Primitive Methodist Magazine.

HEIMWEH.

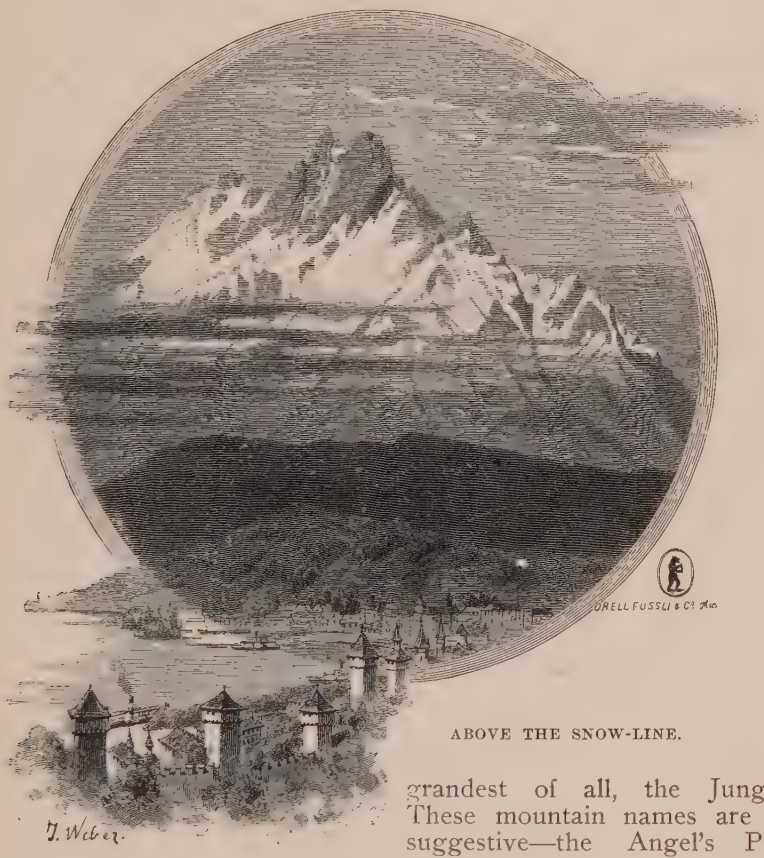
BY GUSSIE PACKARD DUBOIS.

Perhaps the earth-life would have seemed too bright
If God had let me keep my loved one here;
I had not thought so much of heaven's light,
When those dear eyes were shining still so near.
And so the Father, seeing that their glow
Would ever lead me outward through the gloom
Because He knew, because He loved me so,
Just lifted them, to light me through the tomb.

Now heaven is home, and earth a pilgrim way,
And though I long—oh! how I long for home,
The tender Father leads me, and some day
I, too, shall enter, never more to roam.
So, when my eyes are dim with homesick tears,
I just look upward, and that clears my sight.
I had forgotten heaven all these years;
Now naught I see but that dear guiding light.

Perhaps the journey there may still be long,
But some time I shall see the setting sun,
And some time I shall hear the welcome song,
And know the voice, and know that heaven is won.
My Father leads me, and he knows the way,
Though storms may gather, and I cannot see;
Even earth seemed bright and happy yesterday,
With God and loved ones, what will heaven be?

UP THE JUNGFRAU BY RAIL.



ABOVE THE SNOW-LINE.

In the month of July last the present writer crossed by rail over the Wengern Alp. Eighteen years before, he travelled on foot over this magnificent route from Grindelwald to Lauterbrunnen. It was a long day's tramp, "from early morning to dewy eve," but one of the most magnificent of his life. In the bright sunlight the whole region seemed transfigured and glorified. All day the lofty peaks of the Oberland formed the sublime background of the view—the Engelhorn, the Wetterhorn, the Shreckhorn, the Eiger, the Monch, the Silberhorn, and, grandest of all, the Jungfrau. These mountain names are very suggestive—the Angel's Peak; Peaks of the Tempest, of Darkness, and of Terror; the Silver Peak, the Monk and the Virgin.

But the sublime beauty of the Jungfrau—the virgin queen of the Bernese Oberland—is a revelation to the soul. In her immortal loveliness and inviolable purity she is like the New Jerusalem coming down out of heaven—adorned as a bride for her husband.

There lay, half in deep shadow and half in bright sunlight, the narrow valley of Lauterbrunnen, 5,000 feet deep, so near that it seemed as if I could leap down into it. On its opposite side could be traced, like a silver thread, the

snowy torrent of the Staubach. The birds were flying, and light clouds drifting, far beneath my feet, and from that height of over clearly seen across the narrow valley.

Now the same route can be covered with ease, even by delicate

THE JUNGFRAU, FROM INTERLAKEN.

7,000 feet I looked up 6,000 more, to the snow-cowled monk and silver-veiled virgin, whose mighty sweep from base to summit was ladies, in two hours. From the open observation car one of the most magnificent outlooks in Europe can be obtained. The

audacious Swiss engineers, who will make a railway wherever a goat can climb, are now attempting a more audacious exploit, the reaching the summit of the Jungfrau, which even the foot of the chamois has never reached.

Mr. F. E. Hamer, in a recent number of Travel, gives the following account of this projected railway, which we saw under process of construction last July :

BERNESE COSTUME—THE JUNGFRAU IN THE BACKGROUND.

Those who are disposed to look upon the construction of every new mountain railway as a fresh act of violence upon the physical beauties of nature, will hear with something like despair of the scheme of Herr Guyer-Zeller, which has now passed beyond the theoretical into the experimental stage, for the construction of a line of railway up to the summit of the Jungfrau. Anything more daring or gigantic in the way of railway enterprise it would be difficult to conceive. Even in Switzerland, the land which has given us already some of the boldest and most romantic examples of applied engineering science, nothing like it has yet been attempted. The Pilatus line may still have steeper and more perilous gradients. The great tunnel of the St. Gotthard will still be longer than all the tunnels of the Jungfrau. The Rigi may continue to be the most popular, as it is certainly the oldest of the Swiss mountain lines. But none even of

these great works strikes one's imagination as does this new proposal to carry the tourist, in defiance alike of rock, glacier, and avalanche, up beyond the snow-line to a point 13,670 feet above

sea-level, from which he may look not only upon the green pastures, the blue lakes, and the glittering snow-fields of Switzerland, but also upon Italy's Monte Rosa, upon France's Mont Blanc, and upon the far-away shadows of Germany's Black Forest.

Any who are familiar with central Switzerland will be sure to be familiar, too, with the striking outline of the Jungfrau, and the majestic place it occupies amid the giants of the Oberland. Within recent years at least three distinct schemes have been suggested for carrying a line of railway up to its summit. All had their base in the Upper Lauterbrunnen Valley, and all in turn came to be regarded as impossible. The construction a few years ago of the line over the Wengern Alp offered, however, a new base for operations, and this Herr Guyer-Zeller now proposes to utilize.

If the tourist takes his stand at the Little Scheidegg station on this line, with his back towards the Mannlichen, he has in front of him a noble cluster of snow-capped mountains, of which, for the purposes of this article, three only need be mentioned—the Eiger on the left, the Jungfrau on the right, and the Monch between the two.

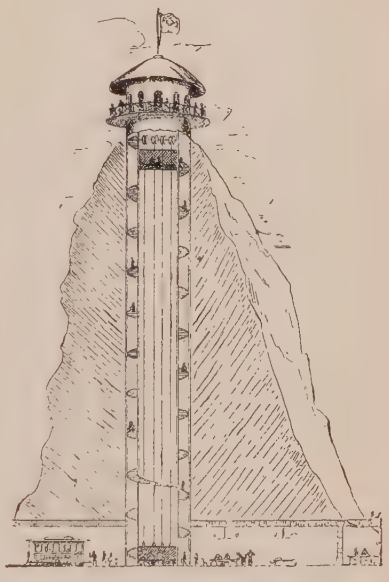
The Scheidegg station, 2,060 metres * above sea-level, will be the starting point of the new line. From here the Jungfrau railway will run on the western slope, making straight for the foot of the Eiger Glacier; thence it will turn due east, and later on due south in a tunnel winding round the solid body of the Eiger as far as the Eiger Station, 3,100 metres, which is to be laid open by galleries similar to those on the Axenstrasse between Brunnen and Fluelen, shown in our illustration. The tunnel will then proceed in a direct line towards the Monch and the Jungfraujoch, which it will reach at 105 metres below the surface. It will finally curve round

* A metre is equal to 39.37 English inches.

the upper pinnacle of the Jungfrau and terminate on a plateau, at 4,100 metres above sea-level. This platform lies just 65 metres below the summit, measures 25 by 30 metres, and is generally clear of snow during the summer months. From this level a lift—probably something after the style of the American elevators—will take the passenger to the highest peak. The present proposal is that the elevator should consist of two concentric iron cylinders, placed telescope-fashion one within the other. The inner one will contain the lift, and between the two a corkscrew staircase will be fitted, so that the tourist may either complete the journey by the lift or climb the distance from the terminal station to the summit on foot.

Scheidegg station being the starting point, the same class of permanent way and rack rail will be used as that on the Wengern Alp railway. The total length of the line will be 12,443 metres, and it will be divided into six sections, with intermediate stopping places and stations. The maximum gradient will be one in four, and the minimum one in ten—quite an easy climb compared with some of the Swiss lines. The journey up is timed to occupy exactly one hundred minutes, and the speed will average about eight kilometres * an hour. The company have power to charge forty-five francs for the ascent and descent, but they have decided to issue the return ticket for 40 francs ($8). During the season, which opens on June 1st and closes on September 30th, five trips will be made daily, and accommodation will be provided on each train for eighty passengers. It is intended, however, to run "specials"—unromantic word—between the Scheidegg and the Eiger Glacier, which is expected to become an exceedingly popular section. As motive power it is proposed to use electricity; and the Lutschinen will supply more than sufficient hydraulic pressure for all the purposes of the undertaking. At as frequent intervals as the nature of the route will permit, ventilating shafts are to be driven from the tunnels to the surface, and, if at all possible, the electric light will be introduced.

Already waterworks are proceeding at Lauterbrunnen, and the building of the first portion of the railway has begun. This section will be opened for traffic on August 1st next.



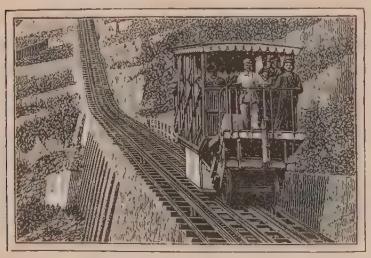
PROJECTED LIFT AT SUMMIT OF THE JUNGFRAU.

The concession is granted for eighty years, and the Swiss Government, ever careful about national rights, has taken care to see that the scheme is made to serve other purposes than that of merely earning a dividend for the shareholders. In the first place the company is bound at all times to

* A kilometre is equal to 0.621 English mile.

permit persons making the ascent on foot to have access to all parts of the mountain, free of charge, and without restrictions of any kind. Then, again, articles of scientific interest brought to light in the course of the excavations, such as fossils, coins, and medals, become the public property of the canton in whose territory they are found.

But most important of all is a clause under which the company is required, upon the completion of a part or the whole of the line, to spend a sum of at least one hundred thousand francs in erecting and equipping a permanent observatory, to be specially designed for the purpose of assisting meteor-



A COGWHEEL RAILWAY.

ological, tellural, and other forms of physical research. Beyond this, the company undertake to contribute a monthly subscription of one thousand francs towards the expenses of the undertaking. This arrangement, supplemented as it will be by the erection of a series of meteorological stations at different altitudes along the line, promises to furnish Switzerland with a physical observatory of the very first rank, and ought to lead to substantial and interesting results.

It was inevitable that an undertaking of the kind I have shortly described should meet with opposition upon both practical and aesthetic grounds. The promoters have frankly recognized the objections and done their best to answer them. The first, and perhaps the most alarming, since it relates to the study of hygienics, is that embodied in the two following questions: "Will the health of a person of sound constitution be injuriously affected by his conveyance, within the space of two hours, from a level of 2,000 metres to one of 4,166 metres, and by the consequent rapid abatement of atmospheric pressure?" Secondly, "Will such an ascent be attended by evil consequences to a person suffering from organic disease?" Upon these points and upon the general question of what "mountain-sickness" really is, a great volume of expert evidence is produced. Briefly stated, it leads up to the conclusion that, except in special cases, mere rarity of air does not produce the symptoms of asphyxia known as "mountain-sickness," except when acting in conjunction with the effects of bodily exertion and fatigue.

What is called the "aesthetic objection" is embodied in the question, "Will the mountain scenery be disfigured by the building of the Jungfrau railway?" The promoter at once responds with an emphatic "No," based upon the fact that the line, except for the first section, will run in tunnels all the way, and will thus remain invisible. The construction and profitable maintenance of about forty mountain lines, beginning with the Rigi and ending with the Wengern Alp, furnishes conclusive proof that with the Swiss and with the people who visit their country utilitarianism is a stronger force than aesthetics.

The mountain railway, it is true, is not free from objections, but neither are the other contrivances by which mountain tops are brought within reach of those who have not the physical strength to scale them. Horses may be hired

at moderate fees, but many are too weak or too nervous to take the saddle. Then there is the chaise-a-porteurs, much patronized by ladies. This is considered a rather jolly way of getting up the hill—for the passenger; but the sight of three hapless guides struggling up steep mountain slopes under the weight of a portly lady is alike distressing whether viewed from the humane or the artistic standpoint.

One would prefer, of course, to be without the company of steam whistles and electric trams, but since they have become inevitable, there is no reason why they should spoil the music of the cow-bells, or dwarf the giant forms amid which they move, or make the falling avalanches less impressive than when Byron listened to them and pelted his friend Hobhouse with snow. And if the mountain railway has somewhat dashed the ideals of the few, it has certainly given to the many a new vision of mountain glories.

Mr. F. W. Wendt thus describes, in St. Nicholas, the Jungfrau railway:

A train leaves Interlaken early in the morning and takes us through the beautiful Lauterbrunnen Valley. Then we have to change cars and get into a funny little combination composed of one car and a small locomotive. This strange train pushes and puffs up the steep incline with us, and gives us a fine view of the mountains—the Eiger, Monch, and Jungfrau—the mountains which are to be pierced by the great tunnel through which the ascent is to be made.

Every minute the scenery changes. The river below and the chalets grow smaller and smaller, and finally, as we look down, appear like Noah's-ark villages.

We have reached Scheidegg, the last station at present, and the beginning of the great railway that is to be built. We are very high, about 6,300 feet, but as yet we seem to be only at the foot of the three mighty mountains before us. The one farthest to the left is the Eiger, where the tunnel is to begin. Then comes the Monch, and the largest one on the right is the Jungfrau.

One day I walked up toward the point where the engineers propose

ON THE WENGERN ALP.

to begin the tunnelling. Pickaxes and powder and dynamite will slowly march ahead of them and open the passage for present and future generations. First into the very heart of the Eiger mountain; then, after a sharp right-turn, through the next mountain, the Monch; still on, under the glaciers and ice and snow fields, to the centre of the Jungfrau, to within about 200 feet from the top, directly under the highest peak. A large circular shaft will be run

vertically from here to the summit. There will be steps going up this shaft, but as two hundred feet is a pretty long climb by means of a stairway, a large elevator will shoot up and down, and whirl people from the dark interior of a mountain into the dazzling sunlight of the most heavenly Swiss panorama.

Every fifteen minutes there will be a large, roomy station, with great windows cut into the moun-

SUMMIT OF THE MYTHEN.

tain side, from which there will be a view of fairyland even before one gets to the tip-top.

Without the help of such a railway mountain climbing is a very difficult and dangerous sport. The climbers must often be fastened together with ropes and slowly cut their way with ice-axes over the glaciers. One wrong step, and they go shooting down thousands of feet. But not only that: the exposure and the cold are terrible, and many people have, as a result, lost their lives. It takes several days to make the perilous ascent and descent, and only experienced and hardy mountain-climbers, with the aid of skilled guides, dare attempt it.

Now see how all changes when the railroad is built: One takes a comfortable seat in a car driven by electricity, and in a short time is carried to view a panorama that few, until then, have ever seen or dreamed of.

Scientific men have proved by means of animals that the sickness that overcomes most people at great heights is due as much to exertion as to the altitude. Guinea-pigs were chosen to experiment upon; and as it would have been difficult actually to take them up the Jungfrau Mountain, a very clever scheme was found to produce the same conditions.

Air weighs fifteen pounds a square inch at the level of the sea. The higher we rise the lighter or more rarefied it becomes. This we must fully comprehend to understand the experiment. To begin with, we shall need a large glass bell-jar, one from which the air can be pumped. We can tell exactly how light the air under the jar is at any moment by the instrument connected with it. Under the jar there is a wheel, like the wheels that we have seen squirrels play in. By means of electricity they can make this wheel revolve slowly or quickly.

Two guinea-pigs are put under the glass jar. One, however, is placed in the wheel, while the other is allowed to lie down quietly under the jar. We then start the wheel going in the direction of the hands of a clock, and so if the guinea-pig in the wheel does not move his legs and walk forward, the wheel by its motion carries him backward and up. So

the poor guinea-pig has to trot forward as fast as the wheel-floor under him moves backward. We know exactly the size of the circumference, and by a sort of cyclometer we can tell how far we have made the guinea-pig run in the wheel. By slowly pumping out air at the same time, we produce the same conditions as if it were running up a mountain—up the Jungfrau. As soon as the air becomes as light as it would be on the mountain, 12,000 feet high, the poor guinea-pig begins to show signs of weariness, and when he is made to go higher still, to 14,000 feet altitude, he falls on his back and is no longer able to move. The other guinea-pig, on the contrary, in the same light atmosphere, is quite well, as he has made no exertion. If, however, we go on rarefying the air until it is as if at the altitude of the Himalaya mountains, 24,000 feet, it too succumbs.

This little experiment proves that a living being carried up to a reasonable height will suffer little discomfort, while the one who climbed to that altitude will in most cases become ill. If a human being climbs up the Jungfrau around the outside through snow and ice, and another rides up comfortably through the great proposed tunnel, the first one will very probably have a good time and enjoy the view when he gets to the top, while the other will feel exhausted and ill—"mountain-sick," as it is called.

THE TWO DOORS.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

Whisper "Farewell! at midnight,
To the Old Year whisper low;
Then open the Western door,
Open, and let him go.

The work of the hands not good;
The will of the wavering mind;
The thoughts of the heart not pure;
The words of the lips not kind;

Faith that is broken or lost;
Hopes that are fading and dim;
Love that is selfish and vain—
These, let him carry with him.

Whisper farewell to your doubts,
To follies and faults that you know;
Then open the Western door,
With the Old Year let them go.

Turn to the sunrising next,
When shadows are growing thin
Set open the Eastern door,
And welcome the New Year in.

Welcome the order brave—
"More faithfully do your part"—
Welcome the brighter hope,
Welcome the kinder heart.

Welcome the daily work,
Welcome the household care;
Clasp hands with the household Love,
Lift hands in the household prayer.

Forgotten be all mistakes,
And over again begin,
When you open the Eastern door
To welcome the New Year in.

THE NEW YEAR.

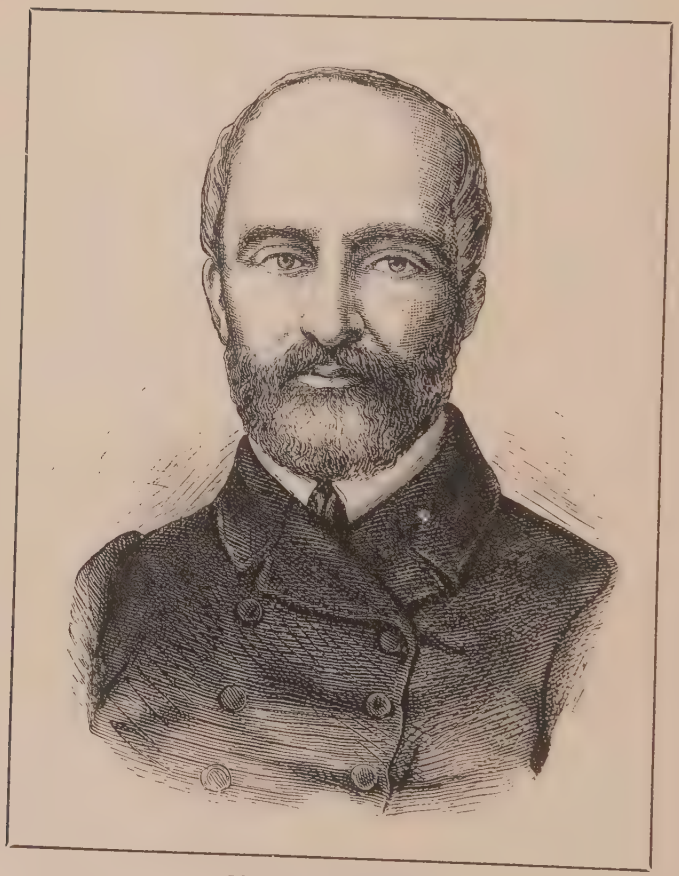
Another year is dawning!
Dear Master let it be,
In working or in waiting,
Another year with Thee.

Another year of progress,
Another year of praise;
Another year of proving;
Thy presence "all the days."

Another year is dawning!
Dear Master, let it be
On earth, or else in heaven,
Another year for Thee.

MAZZINI: THE MAN AND HIS MESSAGE.*

BY SAMUEL E. KEEBLE.



JOSEPH MAZZINI.

The moral grandeur and the intellectual greatness of Mazzini, the Italian patriot and revolutionist, are being slowly but surely discovered. His reputation has suffered from a twofold cause: from his well-known activity in political plots and revolutions, so that he has been regarded by some merely as a "dark conspirator;" and from his lack of sympathy with the Socialist party, so that he has been regarded by others as one left in the backwash of time. But his name must be rescued from such defective appreciations.

The name of Mazzini was one to conjure with a quarter of a century or more ago amongst pro-

* A few months ago we stood by the grave of the great Italian patriot, Mazzini. To this plain, untitled man, more than to any other—than to Cavour, Garibaldi, or Victor Immanuel—is due the unification of the kingdom of Italy. We have pleasure in printing herewith from the *Wesleyan Guild* the accompanying article.

gressive minds, and it has in it that quality which will make it a name to conjure with again. Much more truly may it be said of Mazzini than of Byron, that he was "the pilgrim of eternity." He has that in him which will serve ages.

His romantic and pathetic life-story alone would occupy more space than is at our disposal, and it would be a fascinating record. Space would fail us to tell of his ceaseless endeavours to free his country from foreign yokes and from internal divisions and anarchy; of his political organizations, his plots, his victories and defeats, his betrayals, imprisonments and banishments, his hair-breadth 'scapes by flood and field, and of the place he has won for himself in the roll of history as the maker of modern Italy, with Garibaldi and Cavour. We can but glance at the wondrous tale.

Giuseppe (Joseph) Mazzini was born at Genoa in 1805. His father was a distinguished physician and a professor of anatomy. His mother was a woman of great personal beauty, quick, vigorous intellect, and strong and deep affections. Mazzini was delicate from birth and, as a natural result, the favourite child of his mother, Her devotion to him, not only in childhood, but also throughout his dangerous career, and in his periods of exile especially, could not be surpassed. He early displayed great mental ability. He did not walk until he was six years of age, but he learnt to read before then, and that by overhearing the teaching of his brothers and sisters. An uncle of Mazzini's, a colonel in the artillery, was so impressed with his ability when he saw him at five years of age that he afterwards wrote to the mother in the following terms: "That dear child is a star of the first magnitude, and one day to be admired by the whole of enlightened Europe." This was written in 1812, and is an authentic instance of successful prophecy.

Mazzini's mother relates that when he was taken out for his first public walk they came suddenly upon an old white-bearded beggar sitting upon some churchyard steps. He was probably a mendicant friar from some adjoining monastery. The child Mazzini stooped and gazed at the old man intensely, and then, suddenly breaking away from his mother, threw his arms around the man's neck, kissed him repeatedly, and cried aloud, "Give him something, mother! give him something!" The old man was moved to tears, and said to his mother, "Love him well, lady! he is one who will love the people." Madame Venturi says that Mazzini's mother related this incident to her, and was very proud of telling, what she rightly called, her "symbolical anecdote."

Mazzini's educational progress under private tuition was so rapid that he was entered in the university at the early age of thirteen. Here he very soon won for himself a brilliant position.

His love for Italy was innate. He had drawn in a passionate love of country with his mother's milk, and it was developed at his father's knee. At the age of sixteen it began to be a consuming fire.

One Sunday in April, 1821, when accompanying his mother through the streets of Genoa, a tall, black-bearded man, with severe and energetic countenance, "and a fiery glance," says Mazzini, "that I have never forgotten, held out a white handkerchief towards us, merely saying, 'For the refugees of Italy.'" This was one Captain Rini, who had taken part in the insurrection of the Piedmontese against the Austrians, and was now collecting money for the relief of the defeated insurgents. From this moment Mazzini conceived the

purpose of devoting his own life and abilities to the cause of the liberation of his country. As a start he says, "I childishly determined to dress always in black, fancying myself in mourning for my country." As a matter of fact, he continued the practice all through his life.

By the age of nineteen Mazzini had acquired a reputation as an advocate. "His logical accuracy, his quick and ready wit, and extraordinary facility of language and illustration," attracted attention, and he was soon on the high road to success. He began his new self-chosen career by trying to serve his country with the pen, but found little satisfaction in that. He therefore made what he calls "the first great sacrifice of his life, renouncing the career of literature for the direct path of political action." He joined a secret society called "The Carbonari." This was in 1827. The rest of his active life is a record of ceaseless plottings, intrigues, and outbreaks, many of which were disastrous failures and involved him in either exile or imprisonment, but a few of which were successful. For nearly fifty years he kept Italy—and indeed Europe—in ceaseless agitation, out-manoeuvring his foes and reviving the spent courage of his compatriots.

That Italy achieved her political liberty in any form, though not in the republican form he desired, is due more to the quenchless ardour, intellectual fertility, organizing skill, political genius, and high-souled patriotism of Mazzini than to anything else. He was hunted from place to place like a wild beast, but ever baffled his foes. He lived long years in exile in England, but made his pen serve his country as well almost as his presence had done. "He was the most untiring political agitator in Europe, the man most dreaded by absolute governments, and one of the most successful of the century."

He possessed a wonderful power of inspiring the young with his own sentiments and ideas, and formed organizations called "Young Italy," "Young Germany," "Young Poland," and "Young Europe." This power over the young was due to the exalted nature of his principles. Mazzini was no vulgar conspirator, no self-seeking agitator, no low-minded plotter against the peace of nations. He was a great-souled man, and had a programme which was worth both living and dying for, and is valid to this hour.

Mazzini was a man possessed with a message, and this is why he won the ear of the youth of Europe. That message was so intrinsically noble, and therefore of such permanent value, that it is useful to briefly re-state it. Mazzini's message may be summed up in one word—Duty. This is his watchword, and he never tires of insisting upon it. Duty first and Duty last; Duty as distinguished from right. Men must learn, says Mazzini, to live for Duty, not for Rights; and he so sounds the praise of Duty that

> In his hand
> The thing became a trumpet, whence he blew
> Soul-animating strains.

Wordsworth's great Ode to Duty perfectly voices Mazzini's attitude towards that social virtue—it is an essentially Christian attitude. Duty is not regarded in a Stoical spirit, but rather with passionate devotion, tender love, and ethical enthusiasm. When writing about Duty, Mazzini is in as rapturous a mood as the master-poet was when he wrote the well-known lines :

> Nor know we anything so fair
> As is the smile upon thy face ;
> Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,

And fragrance in thy footing treads ;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong ;
And the most ancient heavens through
thee are fresh and strong.

Mazzini sought to usher in the new era—the era of Association, as distinguished from the era of Individualism. He considered that the French Revolution, which was usually regarded as bringing in a new era, simply ended an old one —the era of Individualism—the struggle for rights, for liberty. That struggle began with the Christian epoch, and gained its first victory in the legal sphere in the abolition of slavery and serfdom. Its next victory was in the religious and intellectual sphere, at the Reformation; then it won its own in the political sphere, in the French Revolution. In economics, liberty was gained, at least for England, by the Free Trade movement. To those who pointed out the incompleteness of these victories, Mazzini replied that the victory was always won first in the intellectual sphere, but in the practical sphere only whilst a new era was coming in. Thus continuity was maintained. Doubtless it would take the whole twentieth century to make actual the enjoyment of rights morally, intellectually, politically, and economically won in the nineteenth. But it was now simply a matter of time; the battle would never need to be fought again for humanity. But whilst the work of practically securing rights, legally and politically won, was going on, thinkers and pioneers would have to spend the twentieth century in inaugurating the new era of Association.

It seems strange that whilst Mazzini was such a champion for Association, he should dissociate himself from the Socialists of his day. But he gives ample reasons for this. The Socialists, according to Mazzini, were simply in pursuit of Rights. They sought to gain merely material happiness for themselves and others by wresting their rights from the privileged classes. A movement which had for its objects merely Rights, Happiness, and material Well-Being, was not a movement he could sanction. Not that he was contented with the actual condition of the labouring classes. He indicts the economic system which reigned, and still reigns, as trenchantly as anyone, but he is not for remedying it by a cure which will be worse than the disease. Mazzini believed that a self-seeking, materialistic, low-minded movement could accomplish nothing for Humanity—the new movement must be profoundly religious, its watchword must be Duty, and its spirit Self-sacrifice. Nothing less than this would suffice to uplift the multitude.

The following words illustrate his attitude at once towards materialistic Socialism and towards Christianity :

He came ! The soul, the most full of love, the most sacredly virtuous, the most deeply inspired by God and the future that men have yet seen on earth—Jesus. He bent over the corpse of the dead world and whispered a word of faith. Over the clay that had lost all of man but the movement and the form He uttered words till then unknown. Love, Sacrifice, a Heavenly Origin ! And the dead arose ! From the corpse arose the Christian world, the world of liberty and equality. From that clay arose the true man, the image of God, the precursor of humanity.

This quotation is taken from Mazzini's essay on "Faith and the Future." The following extract comes from his essay on "The Duties of Man" :

Workingmen, brothers, when Christ came and changed the face of the world, He spoke not of rights to the rich, who needed them not, nor to the poor, who would have abused them, in imitation of the rich ; He spoke not of utility nor of interest to a people whom interest and utility had corrupted. He spoke of

Duty; He spoke of Love, of Sacrifice, and of Faith; and he said that they should be first among all who had contributed most by their labour to the good of all. But Christ's every act was the visible representation of the faith He preached, and around Him stood apostles, who incarnated in their actions the faith they had accepted. Be you such, and you will conquer. Preach duty to the classes above you, and fulfil, as far as in you lies, your own. Preach virtue, sacrifice, and love, and be yourselves virtuous, loving, and ready for self-sacrifice.

This was Mazzini's truly Christian message to his age, and it is a message equally to ours. In this message lies more hope for the future than a message of class-hatred, of material plenty, of mere happiness. Class-privileges, want, poverty, injustice, oppression, and tyranny will disappear a thousand times sooner under this regime than under one of mere mechanical rearrangement, and the wresting of rights from a hostile, reluctant, and powerful minority.

These views of Mazzini were urged upon his generation with all the reiteration of an enthusiast and a reformer, but with a grace, skill, and felicity which few reformers have possessed. This literary skill makes his writings fascinating reading, whilst their moral ardour and the exalted religious nature of his political and social ideal make them ethically captivating. The first perusal of his writings usually begins a new epoch in the life of the reader. What grander social creed could a man profess than the following, taken from an essay upon "Europe and its Condition"?

Yesterday we reverenced the priest, the lord, the soldier, the master; to-day we reverence man, his liberty, his dignity, his immortality, his labour, his progressive tendency, all that constitutes him a creature made in the image of God—not his colour, his birth, his fortune—all that is accidental and transitory in him.

We believe that every man ought to be a temple of the living God; that the altar upon which he ought to sacrifice to God is the earth, his field of trial and labour; that the incense of his sacrifice is the task accomplished by him; that his prayer is love, his power, love realized—association. We believe that earth is a stepping-stone to heaven. We believe in the sacredness of the individual conscience; in the right of every man to the utmost self-development compatible with the equal right of his fellows; and hence we hold that whatever denies or shackles liberty is impious, and ought to be overthrown, and as soon as possible destroyed.

Felix Mocheles, a distinguished artist, in a late number of The Cosmopolis, records his reminiscences of Mazzini.

He was grand in his ideal aspirations. Whether he thundered with the withering eloquence of a Cicero, or pleaded for the Brotherhood of Man with the accents of love; whether he bowed his head humbly before the power of one great God, or rose fanatically to preach the new Gospel, "Dio e il popolo," the conviction that spoke from that man's lips was so intense, that it kindled conviction; his soul so stirred, that one's soul could not but vibrate responsively. To be sure, at the time I am speaking of, every conversation seemed to lead up to the one all-absorbing topic, the unification of Italy. She must be freed from the yoke of the Austrian or the Frenchman; the dungeons of King Bomba must be opened and the fetters forged at the Vatican shaken off. His eyes sparkled as he spoke, and reflected the ever-glowing and illuminating fire within; he held you magnetically. He would penetrate into some innermost recesses of your conscience and kindle a spark where all had been darkness. Whilst under the influence of that eye, that voice, you felt as if you could leave father and mother and follow him, the Elect of Providence, who had come to overthrow the whole wretched fabric of falsehoods hold-

ing mankind in bondage. He gave you eyes to see, and ears to hear, and you too were stirred to rise and go forth to propagate the new Gospel: "The Duties of Man."

I always looked upon him, as I certainly believe he did upon himself, as the ordained champion of the oppressed, and as a menacing tool in the hands of an unflinching Providence. He himself was as unflinching as the Fates, and, regarding himself as the embodiment of a good cause, cared little for the obloquy his opponents ever heaped upon his head.

More than once Mazzini's impulsiveness, not to say naivete, struck me. Thus one day he rushed breathlessly into my studio, with the words, "Have you heard the news? We are going to have Rome and Venice." I forgot what particular news he alluded to, but remember pulling him up with unwarrantable audacity. "At what o'clock?" I asked. "Ah," he answered, "go on, go on. I am too well accustomed to jeers and epigrams to mind." Four years were yet to elapse before Venice was liberated, and eight years before the Italians gained possession of Rome.

The patriotic dreams of Mazzini were gradually to be realized, in a measure, at least; for although his ideal—a republic in place of a monarchy—seemed hopeless of attainment, the hated foreigner was expelled, or had retired from Italian soil, and a united people joined hands from the Alps to the Adriatic.

He had returned to his native land, and there, active and uncompromising to the last, he died at Pisa, on March 10, 1872, in the Casa Rosselli. "Believe in God? Yes, indeed, I do believe in God." These were his last words of consciousness.

It was after his death only that the great agitator's life-work began to be fully recognized by his countrymen. A reaction set in in his favour; the Parliament of Rome passed a resolution expressing the grief of the nation at the death of "The Apostle of Italian Unity;" public meetings were held, and many were the marks of respect paid to him throughout Italy.

The exile and the outlaw at last found rest in the Campo Santo of Genoa, in the land he loved so well—in the city of his birth.

THE OLD VOLUME.—1897-1898.

Lay the old book away,
Its tale at last is done;
  It is soiled and scarred,
  It is dimmed and marred,
Since first it was begun.

Tenderly lay it down,
Though it is stained and old,
  Though its leaves are torn
  And marked and worn,
Its price is more than gold.

Pleasure gladdened its page,
And sin has left a stain;
  There are lines of care
  That are written there,
And paragraphs of pain.

Gratefully lay it down,
The lessons that it taught
  And the joy and grief
  That have marked each leaf
Were all with blessings fraught.

But gladly lay it down,
With one fond, parting look;
  For the Master shows,
  As its pages close,
A new and better book.

Put the old book away
On the crowded shelves of time,
  For the volume new
  That is written through
With truths and thoughts sublime.

JOHN WESLEY.

BY T. BOWMAN STEPHENSON, D.D., LL.D.

John Wesley died on the 2nd of March, 1791. His body was carried into the chapel in City Road, and many thousands of persons crowded to look for the last time upon those strong, calm features. Rogers, the poet, was one of the throng, and has left a vivid picture of the scene. So great was the excitement that it was thought wise to hold the funeral service at a very early hour in the morning, that some limit might be put upon the multitudes who would crowd to the ceremony. Accordingly, Wesley was interred behind the City Road Chapel at five o'clock in the morning of March 9th, "And there is his sepulchre unto this day." Since that day the death of no religious leader has created any such popular interest, not even that of Chalmers in Scotland. The popular emotion in the case of Wesley was spontaneous, checked rather than stimulated by those who were the surviving representatives of his cause and work; and it owed nothing to the pomp of ecclesiasticism, or to the wire-pulling of newspapers.

That the death of this remarkable man should have created so profound an impression is not wonderful when the circumstances of the case are realized. He had been the most prominent representative of a powerful religious movement; a movement so germinal and influential that men instinctively rank it with nothing less than the Reformation, and the rise of Puritanism. He had outlived much of the opposition and contempt of his earlier days. He was by far the best-known man in the three kingdoms. His features were more familiar to the mass of English men and women than those of George the Third or his Prime Minister. For nearly half a century he had traversed the country on horseback year by year, penetrating to the remotest corners of England, Scotland, and Ireland. His annual visit was in many places the notable event of the year. Often crowds of people went forth to meet him as he rode into a Cornish or a Yorkshire town; and the windows of the houses were filled with eager faces, and the streets lined with interested onlookers, who, if not all sympathetic, were at least respectful and orderly. The ending of such a career, unparalleled in the religious history of England for its labours and successes, could not fail to create a universal sensation at the time, and to become a point of profound historical interest.

Nor did the influence die with him. Of the great Methodist revival, John Wesley was the recognized chief and representative. Charles Wesley, indeed, was its chief singer, and expressed with amazing lyric force each varying tone of its deep and strenuous religious experience. But John Wesley was its champion, its spokesman, its controlling and shaping force. And to his practical and administrative genius is owing the fact that Methodism is represented in the world to-day by so many and so numerous ecclesiastical organizations. In England the Methodist Churches form by far the most numerous body of Nonconformists. In the great English-speaking world beyond the bounds of our Empire, the Methodist Churches influence a larger proportion of the population than any

other religious body; not excluding the Roman Catholic.

In what light, then, will the world of to-day care to recall this man who died a century since? Our England is very different from his. Our age is very unlike his. The French Revolution yawns, like a red-lipped gulf, between him and us. The ideas of men as to government, as to domestic and social relations, as to commerce and international obligations, as to science, art, and recreation, have been revolutionized. Let any man inquire into the origin of the anti-slavery crusade, of cheap literature, of Sunday-schools, and elementary education; of our hospitals for the sick, and of our rescue and reformatory schools; and he will be surprised to find that almost without exception these things which, from a social as well as a religious point of view, are the glory of the Victorian age, took their rise in that "enthusiasm of humanity," which sprang up with and in the revived religious life of the nation.

It was in 1838 that there came to Wesley that notable inward "experience" from which he dated a new life. It was whilst hearing one read Luther's Preface to the Epistle to the Romans, that the great change came upon him. He describes it thus: "I felt my heart strangely warmed. I felt I did trust in Christ, Christ alone, for salvation; and an assurance was given me that He had taken away my sins, even mine, and saved me from the law of sin and death; and I then testified openly to all there what I now first felt in my heart." A wonderful and blessed experience truly, which must make an epoch in the life of any man to whom it comes. Yet this cannot be considered the commencement of Wesley's religious life. For ten years before this he, and the few associates who were first nicknamed Methodists, had been striving to serve God as sincerely and strenuously as men could. And how did they go about it? They were all students or graduates at the University of Oxford. They set themselves to live by rule. Each evening they met to review the day's work, and determine the work of to-morrow. Some of them regularly visited and relieved the poor; some taught poor children in free schools; others tried to carry some gleams of light and hope into the parish workhouse.

At this time the poor-law system was only less disgraceful than the judicial system of the country, and there was no pretence of national education. Others visited the prison, and out of their own slender resources, and by levying contributions from their friends, they provided books, medicines, and clothing for the half-starved prisoners. They paid debts, and thus released wretched men, who, under the foolish and wicked laws of the time, were shut up in the company of thieves and murderers, away from the families they should have maintained and the work they would have been glad to do. One cold winter's day a young girl whom these Methodists were educating called upon John Wesley. He saw she had on only a thin linen gown. Learning that she had and could have no other garment, he took from the walls of his room some of the pictures that hung there, and sold them, that he might give the poor lassie warm clothing. "It struck me," he says, "will the Master say, 'Well done, good and faithful steward'? Thou hast adorned thy walls with the money which might have screened this poor creature from the cold. O justice, O mercy! are not these pictures the blood of this poor maid?" Many years after this Wesley con-

fessed, in answer to a challenge, that when his income was £30 a year, he lived on £28 and gave away £2. When it was £60, he lived on £28 and gave away £32. When it became £90, he still made the £28 suffice, and gave away £62. And this system of holding all his property in trust for the poor and the wretched he continued through life. When an excise-officer, who had probably been stirred up to diligence by the then Chancellor of the Exchequer, demanded a return of his plate, thinking that the renowned Mr. Wesley must surely be rolling in wealth, he received, and, let us hope, digested, this laconic reply. "Sir, I have two silver spoons in London and two at Bristol, and I shall buy no more whilst so many poor lack bread." When Wesley lived and gave in this style, he was a Fellow of Lincoln College, a scholar, a clergyman, a gentleman. It would be interesting to know how many of the loud-voiced accusers of the churches to-day have ever done likewise.

When the Methodist movement under Wesley had taken shape its first habitat was the Foundry. This building, a disused Government ordnance factory, stood within a few yards of the present City Road Chapel. Here was a room, without pews, capable of holding about one thousand five hundred people. A room for smaller religious gatherings held about three hundred. Above this were rooms for Wesley himself, and adjacent was a house for the assistant preachers and servants. A portion of these rooms was fitted with benches and desks for a free school. Remember that neither the National Society nor any other of our educational institutions was yet dreamed of. Another portion was fitted as a bookshop. Here were sold, at prices surprisingly low for the time, publications of all kinds for the moral and intellectual benefit of the people. The age of cheap literature had not yet dawned when Wesley commenced these sales. Another portion of the building was fitted as a dispensary, where medicine and advice were given to the poor; for as yet few, if any, of our great hospitals or dispensaries had been founded. Wesley employed an experienced surgeon and a dispenser. Within five months more than five hundred patients were healed. Thus he anticipated our modern medical missions.

Another illustration of the keenness of his eye for all social questions is seen by the establishment of a loan society. Wesley begged £50, and the stewards appointed for the purpose attended every Tuesday morning to make small loans without interest, repayable within three months. A vast number of the honest, but hard-pressed poor were helped; and in some cases the momentary assistance enabled them ultimately to achieve great prosperity. One of these was Lackington, afterwards the great publisher, who retired from business with a large fortune. This variety of ingenious but well-calculated benevolence does not indicate a man who had no thought for the present life of the human beings around him. Rather it shows how a benevolent heart, filled with a commanding love to God, must needs expend itself in all helpful activities for man. Wesley was, in fact, not only the most remarkable evangelist of his age, but was the pioneer of free education, of cheap literature, and of medical missions.

In a remarkable passage, printed in 1747, Wesley indicates clearly the source and standard of his religious opinions. "I want to know one thing—the way to heaven; how to land safe on that happy shore. God himself has

condescended to teach the way; for this very end He came from heaven. He hath written it down in a book. O give me that book! At any price give me the Book of God! I have it: here is knowledge enough for me. Let me be homo unius libri—a man of one book."

But Wesley was not a slave of Bible-literalism, nor did he turn away with the devotee's morbid self-distrust from commerce with the mighty minds of the world's literature. In fact, he was an omnivorous reader. He read in eight or nine languages. He devoured everything from the pondorous folio to the fugitive pamphlet or fly-sheet. "On his road to Bristol he read over 'Quintus Curtius.'" In riding to Leeds he "read Dr. Hodge's account of the plague in London." On the way to Holyhead he "read over Statius' 'Thebais,' and wondered one man should write so well and so ill." In 1750 he wrote "A Short French Grammar." Waiting for the tide, "he sat down in a little cottage for three or four hours, and translated Aldrich's Logic." - He compares, critically, Prior and Pope; and reads with lively interest such new books as were then the sensation of the moment, e.g., "Johnson's Visit to the Hebrides," and Ossian's "Fingal." But the keenness and variety of his intellectual appetite is surprising when we find him snatching time to read Short's "History of Tea," and the "Life of Mrs. Bellamy." After Wesley's death, a copy of Shakespeare's works, annotated throughout in Wesley's neat handwriting, was found by one of the good men who had to administer his affairs. Unlike his great master, either in perception or breadth, the good man burnt the volume! "O what a loss was here!"

As author, editor, and publisher, Wesley showed a corresponding quickness in recognizing what was valuable in a wide expanse of literature. He wished to bring the treasures of literature within the reach of the people at large. He poured forth from the press, during fifty years, a constant stream of publications. In addition to his own journals, sermons, and controversial pamphlets, he published, as "The Christian Library," a large collection of religious literature, in which were represented writers of many Christian communions. But he also published grammars of at least five languages, many volumes of poetry, several books on various departments of science, a popular book on medicine, in which he strongly recommends the use of electricity in nervous and some other disorders; and at least one novel ("Henry, Earl of Moreland"), at which some of the sterner spirits amongst his followers shook their heads. Indeed the catalogue of the publications which he wrote or edited, or sanctioned, would occupy many pages of this magazine. He was in fact the pioneer of our modern popular and cheap literature.

All this surely shows that though Wesley was a "man of one book," recognizing and loyally obeying the imperial authority of the Book of books, he was no narrow-minded precisian, but had his eyes wide open to all that was occurring in the great world of literature.

How far did Wesley recognize the duty of Christian citizenship? With his overshadowing and overmastering sense of the nearness and importance of eternity, did he advise his people to abstain from all participation in public affairs? On the contrary, both by his own action, and by frequent public utterances, he showed that he held a man's duty to the State to be a part of his duty to God. Frequently he published brief tracts bearing upon questions which at

the moment occupied the attention of the people.

"A Word to a Freeholder" illustrates at once his interest in public affairs, and some aspects of public life at that period of our history. To the freeholder—the voter, almost the only voter of that day—he says: "What are you going to do? to vote for a Parliament man? I hope, then, you have taken no money. If you are guilty already—stop, go no farther, it is at the peril of your soul! Will you sell your country? Will you sell your own soul?" Good words these, and doubtless needed much in those ante-reform and ante-ballot days; and, it would seem, not quite unneeded even now.

A century ago the Temperance Movement, as we now know it, was not born. Beer was the Englishman's universal beverage. With this he got stupidly drunk. It came on the table as tea and coffee do now. With spirits the Englishman of that day got furiously drunk. Wine was the beverage with which the gentlemen of that day got regularly and respectably drunk. Against the spirit drinking of the day Wesley uttered unwavering protest. Indeed, his language, written in the calmness of the study, and printed after all due consideration, is terrible in its condemnation of all who profited by the frightful prevalence of this evil. His printed sermon on the use of money contains the following prophet-like denunciation:

"Therefore we may not sell anything which tends to impair health. Such is eminently all that liquid fire, commonly called drams, or spirituous liquors. It is true, these may have a place in medicine; they may be of use in some bodily disorders; although there would rarely be occasion for them were it not for the unskilfulness of the practitioner. Therefore, such as prepare and sell them only for this end may keep their conscience clear. But who are they? Who prepare them only for this end? Do you know ten such distillers in England? Then excuse these. But all who sell them in the common way to any that will buy, are poisoners general. They murder his Majesty's subjects by wholesale, neither does their eye pity or spare. They drive them to hell like sheep. And what is their gain? Is it not the blood of these men? Who, then, would envy their large estates and sumptuous palaces? A curse is in the midst of them; the curse of God cleaves to the stones, the timber, the furniture of them! The curse of God is in their gardens, their walks, their groves; a fire that burns to the nethermost hell! Blood, blood is there; the foundation, the floor, the walls, the roof, are stained with blood! And canst thou hope, O man of blood, though thou art 'clothed in scarlet and fine linen, and farest sumptuously every day'; canst thou hope to deliver down thy *fields of blood* to the third generation? Not so; for there is a God in heaven: therefore, thy name shall soon be rooted out. Like as those whom thou hast destroyed body and soul, 'thy memorials shall perish with thee!'"

Wesley died before the French Revolution had uttered to the world its message either of horror or of hope. But already Wesley's eye perceived the danger of vast wealth accumulating in few hands whilst the multitude could scarce exist. His utterances on the duties and responsibilities of wealth were therefore frequent, and very bold. His own theory was very simple and intelligible. "Get all you can, save all you can, give all you can." Industry, thrift, generosity—and these in their highest degree, would counterbalance and correct and complete each other.

Against the slave trade his indignation burnt with a fierce flame. The phrase he applied to it—"the execrable sum of all villainies"—has become proverbial. But he omitted no opportunity of denouncing it, and this at a time when the great body of the richer Englishmen were bound to it by strongest ties of interest, of custom, and of prejudice.

Only four days before his death, at the patriarchal age of eighty-nine, he wrote with his own now trembling hand the following letter to Wilberforce. The hand trembled—not the heart, the will, or the faith. These were strong and brave as ever against all the evil which men do to each other and before God.

"London, February 26, 1791.

"DEAR SIR,

"Unless the divine power has raised you up to be as *Athanasius contra mundum*, I see not how you can go through your glorious enterprise in opposing that execrable villainy which is the scandal of religion, of England, and of human nature. Unless God has raised you up for this very thing, you will be worn out by the opposition of men and devils. But if God be for you, who can be against you? Are all of them together stronger than God? O be not weary in well-doing. Go on, in the name of God and in the power of His might, till even American slavery (the vilest that ever saw the sun) shall vanish away before it.

"Dear sir,

"Your affectionate servant,

"JOHN WESLEY."

First and chief in Wesley's life was the purpose to call men to repentance and faith. But the religious life which he advocated and promoted was one which cannot exile itself from the common life and common needs of mankind. Rather it claims as Christian, and puts a higher meaning into the old saying: "Nihil humani a me alienum puto." It recognizes that if a man would win and enjoy heaven, he must bring the very spirit of Christ into the life of earth, devoting himself to Christ's service by serving, everywhere and always, the poor, the suffering, the downcast, and the downtrodden for Christ's sake. And is not this exactly the religion that is wanted to-day?—The Sunday Magazine.

THE FLOATING BETHEL.*

BY LUCY S. FURMAN.

"Well, bless the Lord for saving sinners!" Babe Baxter exclaimed one evening as she came out and sat on the porch by my side, untying the strings of her white sunbonnet, and letting it fall back on her shoulders. "I never told you about the Floating Bethel, did I? Well, last April, soon after I got religion, old Brother Hunter, over at Sandersville, heard me talk at meeting here at the Station about how bad I wanted to work for the Lord and save souls, and the next week he wrote for me to come and go down the Ohio and the Mississippi with the Floating Bethel. Brother Hunter he's just eat up with zeal, and he had went about and raised money for the Lord, and bought the bottom of an old boat cheap, and mended it up, and built two stories and a steeple on it, and named it the Floating Bethel; and he said he was going to carry the Gospel into waste places, and convert the world.

"Well, of course, I just rejoiced and more than blessed the Lord for the chance to go, and I got ready and rode over to Sanders-

* In the western part of Kentucky is an exceedingly primitive town which, through the preaching of the pioneer Methodist missionaries, was, a few years ago, ascene of very remarkable religious experiences. Almost every household was brought under the influence of divine grace, and very many, unlearned in the lore of this world but wise in the knowledge of God, felt called upon to preach the glad tidings of the salvation which they themselves enjoyed. The accompanying sketch is reprinted from the book, "Stories of a Sanctified Town."

ville, and we started from there down Green River to the Ohio. There was Brother Hunter, and Sister Hunter, and young Sister Hunter, their son Sam's wife—one of the godliest women you ever saw,—and her baby, that was just three months old. And there was me. Then there was a' unregenerate deck-hand, and Sister Hunter's little fice dog.

"The Floating Bethel was made this way: There was two stories. The lower one was one long room, like a church, with the pulpit at one end, and benches set in rows all the way back, and big doors opening out on both sides, so's the gang-planks could be laid right to them for the people to get in easy, and the devil wouldn't have any room to talk about religious folks holding themselves so up and above others. The top story had a hall down the middle, and sleeping-rooms on each side. We eat in the hall, and had one of the little rooms for a kitchen. Then there was a real nice little steeple on top. Of course, we never had no way to make ourselves go, so Brother Hunter 'd have to hire a steamboat or tugboat to pull us from place to place. When we left Sandersville, he got the Green River Packet to take us a piece.

"Most all of Sandersville was there to see us off. The saved on the bank they all sung a hymn and waved their handkerchiefs at us. I felt plumb scared and lonesome when we pulled off, and wished I was back home at the Station. But Sister Hunter she went upstairs to get supper, and Brother Hunter he read the Bible and talked till I got ashamed of myself, and didn't feel afraid any more, but would have just been willing to jump right out into the river if I 'd had the call from the Lord, and me not knowing how to swim a lick, neither.

"When I woke up next morning we was tied up at a town, and the packet it had left us, and Brother Hunter and Brother Gummy and the deck-hand were out throwing around posters that Brother Hunter had had struck off at Sandersville, like this:

ETERNITY!

Where will you spend it?

THE FLOATING BETHEL

is here!

Preaching Day and Night.

Come one! Come all!

PREPARE TO MEET YOUR GOD!

FLEE FROM THE WRATH TO COME!

"It was wonderful to see how quick it got norated around, and how the people was moved to turn out. By ten o'clock there was a big crowd standing on the bank looking at the Floating Bethel, and then Brother Hunter he got back and invited them all, black and white, in to hear the preaching. Brother Hunter preached, and me and Brother Gummy sung, and young Sister Hunter played the accordeon when the baby 'd let her. Brother Hunter he 'd give it to the sinners, and preach about the burning pit and the Old Adam and the carnal mind and the wages of sin is death, and how smart the devil was, and how deceiving. Then he 'd tell 'em about salvation, and that now was their chance to lay holt on free grace and forgiveness of sins, and maybe it would be the last time the Spirit would ever speak to them. Then we'd sing a song, with the accordeon, 'Amazing Grace,' or 'The Pleasing Path,' or something like that:

"Amazing Grace, how sweet the sound
That saves a wretch like me.

I once was lost, but now I'm found,
Was blind, but now I see!
We are passing away, we are passing away,
We are passing away to the great Judgment Day.

"We'd have preaching pretty near all day, and then again at night. The sinners would mostly get warmed up at night. We stayed at that first place three days, and got the folks consid'ably stirred up, and then a tug-boat come along, and Brother Hunter said he 'd sowed and watered and the Lord must quicken, and we went on to the next place. We kept on down the Ohio, stopping at Evansville and Henderson and Shawneetown, and all the little towns between. Sometimes we wouldn't stop more than a day; it was just as Brother Hunter felt led, and as the boats come along to pull us. Sometimes we 'd have to quit right in the middle of a sermon and run the congregation out and move on. When we got to Cairo we stopped a whole week, and had a regular hallelujah time. Then Brother Hunter said it did seem a pity, being that close, not to give the folks at St. Louis a chance of salvation,—that being such a terrible lost place, a plumb Sodom and Gomorrah and Satan's stomping ground. So we went up there. The first day or two there wasn't anybody come to hear us, because we had got out of posters by that time. But Brother Hunter he had some more struck off, and hired boys to throw them over town, and then the people commenced to fairly roll in.

"One day, after we 'd been there three or four days, me and young Sister Hunter went uptown to buy some saxony to knit the baby a sack. The store we went into was a great big place, taking up a whole square. A man told us where to find the saxony counter, and we went on back, and young Sister Hunter commenced to price the saxony. I was plumb outdone by the worldliness in that store! There was all sorts of things to buy that you ever heard tell of, and the ladies they was pulling and dragging all kinds of goods about, and talking as fast as they could, and half of them looked like they was plumb distracted. It made me miserable to think how people was wearing out their lives getting clothes when they never had no time to think of getting salvation.

"I kept looking around, though it did hurt my soul awful to see so much vanity. Once I thought I'd shut my eyes and wouldn't look any more; but just then I saw such a pretty lady at the next counter, with such lovely yellow hair and rosy cheeks and white skin, and dressed so beautiful, that I couldn't keep my eyes off of her. Then there was a young girl with her that had awful pretty yellow hair, too, frizzed out a' inch or two all over her head. I couldn't see the girl's face, but there was something about her motions that reminded me of somebody, I couldn't tell who. I knew I never had no friends with such pretty hair as that. I kept watching for her to turn her face around. Presently she did. 'Maggie!' I says, running over quick, and hugging and kissing her, 'Why, Maggie Marks! Is it really you? You sweet thing. I'm so glad to see you!' Her face turned red in all the white places, and she kind of drew off. I supposed she was ashamed of me and my old black dress and hat, and I couldn't blame her much, for according to her light my clothes did look mighty bad by the side of her silk dress with the little flowers and lace all over it, and her big hat with piles of feathers. 'Maggie,' I says, 'don't you know me? You haven't forgot Babe, have you? Don't you know how you and me used to

play together all the time at the Station, and be such dear friends? Why, I'd have knew you anywheres, in spite of your hair turning light!'

"'I never knew you just at first,' she says, 'not expecting to see you here.'

"'I'm here with the Floating Bethel,' I says, 'down on the river. And it's so nice to see somebody from home! I've been feeling so lonesome. And I'm so surprised to find you here, Maggie,' I says. 'When did you come, and where are you working?' 'I ain't working anywheres,' she says. 'Why, then you're married, of course!' I says. 'Well, I do think you might have wrote us something about it,' I says. 'No; I ain't married neither,' she says. 'I'm just visiting a lady friend,—that lady there,' she says, pointing at the beautiful lady, who's just walked off a little piece. 'Well, it's mighty nice to see you again,' I says. 'And you must come right down to see me,' I says. I'll be here two or three weeks, down at the Floating Bethel, on the river. You won't have no trouble finding it.' 'All right,' she says, 'maybe I will; I've got to go now.' The lady was standing in the store door, looking back after her, and she run and caught up, and I saw them get in a fine carriage with two horses, and ride off.

"I felt right hurt at Maggie not asking me to come and see her. But I knew how pride puffeth up, and didn't blame her for being ashamed of the outside of me. Still, when I thought how Maggie and me had lived next door since we was babies, and till her ma died when she was fourteen, and her pa took to drink, and they left the Station, and how we was together all the time, and used to spend the night with each other pretty near every night, and play 'lady-come-to-see' in our stable loft all the rainy days, and gather blackberries and sweet-gum and hazelnuts and things, and just growed up together, so to speak, why then I did feel pretty bad to think of her noticing my old clothes. I just felt like I couldn't help crying. But then I remembered that it wasn't Maggie treating me thataway, but the devil himself, that loves to persecute the righteous, 'Yea, and all them that live godly in Christ Jesus will suffer persecution,' and I didn't lay it up against her, because I kept remembering those days we played together, and that she was my friend.

"Young Sister Hunter had got her saxony by this time, and we went on back to the Floating Bethel. I was glad to get out of the worldliness of them stores and streets. People was a-pushing and a-crowding each other, and gazing in the store windows, and never speaking to each other, or acting a bit neighbourly, or like they lived in the same town.

"All during preaching that night I couldn't get Maggie out of my head. I kept wondering how she fell in with such rich friends, and how she ever got to St. Louis anyhow. I'd heard, a year or two after they left the Station, that Maggie had gone to work in some big cotton mills, and was making good money. I couldn't account no way for her being away over in St. Louis, and with such stylish folks, because, though Maggie was always a nice, sweet girl, her folks was shiftless people, all except her ma. I tried not to think about the way Maggie treated me, and sung as loud as I could, and did all I could to help save the sinners. There was a pretty good crowd there, and lots of them that had come to scoff stayed to pray. There was all sorts. Some would come there drunk, and lay down and go to sleep on the benches. Lots was in rags, and awful dirty.

Then there was nicer dressed people, too, though the Lord knows if their hearts was any cleaner.

"After we'd been there about two weeks there was a good many convictions, and a good many came through and got religion, and commenced living righteous. One night, about this time, while Brother Gummy and me was singing the opening hymn,

> "With all my sins I come to Thee!
> Wash me in the blood of the Lamb!
> Its cleansing power will set me free,
> Wash me in the Blood of the Lamb!

it came to me all of a sudden that I must get up and preach on that line. I felt the strongest kind of leading—just moved mightily of the Spirit. So, after we finished the song, I went up and said to Brother Hunter, 'Brother Hunter, I feel called to preach this evening.' So he went and set with the people, and I got up in the pulpit and read from First John, chapter first and second, and preached from the text, 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.'

"I couldn't tell you just what I did say—though, of course, it wasn't me saying it, but the Spirit saying it through me. I just knew I felt like Jesus was standing right there, and I was pleading with 'em all to come and fall down at His dear feet, and be washed from all unrighteousness, and made whiter than snow. I felt somehow like I was talking to some lost soul having its last chance. I told 'em it didn't make any difference what they'd done, or what their sins was; that He was mightier than the power of sin, and could sweep it all off with one touch, if they'd just call on Him—just lift up their eyes! I told 'em how dear their souls was to the Master, and how He'd come down and suffered and died for them, and how loving he was—how He was standing there with His arms stretched out, and His eyes like mothers' eyes, longing to save 'em and blot out their sins. I just wept and pleaded with 'em. Look like the words come quicker than I could say them. When I finished I was completely give out. I was so faint I went over to the water-bucket that set by the door to give me a drink, and I run right up against somebody standing outside in the shadow. I could see it was a woman. She pulled herself back in the dark, quick, and when I reached out my hand after her, she ran along the gang-plank, and up the bank, and was gone.

"About a week after that I was sitting out on the guards reading the Bible to an old blind woman and a cripple boy that was seeking the way, and trying to teach 'em all I could before we left, for Brother Hunter said we'd have to be moving on in a day or two; and here come a boy dressed in blue clothes and red braid, and give me a note. I opened it quick. It said: 'Maggie is dying and wants you. Come if possible. The messenger will bring you.' There wasn't any name signed. It had on the outside, 'Miss Babe Baxter, Floating Bethel.' I run quick for my hat, and me and the boy walked a piece, and then took a street-car, and rode a long ways. Finally we got off, and walked a square more, and then the boy opened the gate before a fine brick house with coloured glass in the windows, and white stone steps, and took me to the door and rung the bell. Maggie's friend, the same lady that was in the store with her that day, came to the door and let me in. Her face was all white and pale now. 'I wouldn't have sent for you,' she says, 'but Maggie's been calling for you three days and nights, and the doctor says she can't live.'

"I followed her upstairs. The

carpet was so soft and pretty I hated to step on it. There was some other ladies in the hall upstairs, whispering and crying. She took me in a room and shut the door. Maggie was laying high up on the pillows, her eyes all bright, and big red spots on her cheeks, and her face all thin. She put out her arms when she saw me. 'I thought you never was coming!' she says. 'I've been waiting and waiting for you. I am afraid to die by myself.' I kissed her, and held her close in my arms. 'Darling child,' I says, 'you mustn't be afraid to die. Why, it's lots better than living. When you die you'll think you never did live before. The dear Jesus and the dear Father's just a-waiting there for you!' 'Oh, I ain't so afraid of meeting them,' she says. 'I don't mind that so much. It's my mother I can't bear to see! That's what I can't stand! Oh, I'm so scared, Babe! It's awful to die!' She held my arm so tight it hurt me. 'Why, darling,' I says, "you just talking thataway because you ain't at yourself. Why, your dear ma's just a-waiting there, and a-longing for you. Why, you're her own dear child, Maggie.' 'No, I ain't!' she says. 'I ain't her child no more! I ain't good; I ain't good like I used to be, Babe. You don't know, you don't understand. We're all wicked here. I never meant to be, Babe, but—I'll tell you all about it sometime when I can talk better. Now I'm afraid—afraid! Oh, Babe, help me! hide me! Don't let mother see me! I couldn't stand that!'

"Look to me like my heart stood still. But I held her tighter and closer. 'Maggie, dear child,' I says, 'you are safe! It's the dear Jesus that loves you and will save you from your sins. He's done said so, dear. Just look up to Him, and He'll forgive you, and take you right to His bosom. That's what He came into the world for, to save sinners. And you ain't the only sinner, Maggie; we're all sinners till we get the love of Christ in our hearts. One ain't no worse than the other, though some have been tempted a heap more. He don't hate you because you have been tempted and sinned. He knows all about it, dear, and loves you just the same. And so do I, too, just the same as when we used to swing and play dolls in the hayloft all day together. Don't you remember it, Maggie? And Jesus is right here with His tender, loving eyes, bending right over you, dear child, calling you home to Him. Just put all your trust in Him, and don't take no trouble about it, but leave it all to the dear Master.'

"'But the sins!' she says, shivering. 'There's so many, Babe,—they're so black!'

"'He'll wash 'em all off,' I says, 'till you're whiter than snow!'

"'But do you reckon He could wash 'em off right quick—before mother 'll see me?' she says.

"'Indeed He can,' I says, 'and He's washing mightily right now! I can just see the spots fading off, dear, and your soul getting clean and white, like you was a little baby. They're coming off one by one, bless the Lord! And when your ma sees you there won't be none on you, and she won't never know, Maggie. Just think of it! You'll just be her same little girl that she left! I can just see them getting dimmer and dimmer and dimmer—and now you're plumb white and shining! Bless the dear Lord!'

"She fell back in my arms, smiling so sweet and peaceful, and I just wept and wept for joy.

"The lady was kneeling at the foot of the bed, crying like her heart would break. Maggie fell into a deep sleep, and I still kept

my arms around her, tight and close, and kept a-praying and blessing God. Finally I felt something, and looked around, and there was the lady kneeling by me. She had picked up the hem of my old black dress, and was kissing it. I put one of my arms around her. 'Sister,' I says, 'the message is for you too! Let us pray together!'

"Maggie lived several hours, but she slept all the time, and never knew nothing more, and passed away so peaceful and blessed, in my arms."

Babe paused to dry her eyes on the skirt of her sunbonnet.

"And Maggie's friend?" I said.

"She's nursing in a big hospital. She went right off to learn nursing. I hear from her every week. Her sins is all forgive and blotted out, and she's happy in the Lord, and working day and night with the poor and sick for the Master's sake."

THE METHODIST SAINTS AND MARTYRS.*

BY THE REV. ROBERT C. NIGHTINGALE.

In spite of the general canonization of enthusiastic and sincere religious believers which is such a characteristic of our time, no special notice has been taken of one body of men who fulfilled two of the ancient qualifications for the beatification of the martyrology, some of them being martyrs in will and deed, and others of them martyrs in will if not in deed. If we go back to the primitive use of the word before the distinction between "a martyr" and "a confessor" had been set up, we might vastly extend the ranks of those "martyrs" of whom I am about to speak, for while I specially refer to a body of men selected from a much larger body, it might be said with equal truth of the whole of the community to which they belonged, that they were "martyrs" as the word was understood in the earliest ages of the Church. The men that I am alluding to are the "Early Methodist Preachers," whose lives are told in the six volumes issued under that title by the Wesleyan Conference.

"Our heroes undistinguished lie"

might be inscribed, not on their

* It is a striking demonstration of the great change which has taken place in the appreciation of Methodism to find in a leading periodical like the *Contemporary Review* the accompanying generous tribute to its pioneer fathers and founders. The writer of this article, who describes himself as "a Churchman to his finger-tips," does honour to himself and to his Church by his frank recognition of this great religious movement. The times have greatly changed since another distinguished clergyman of the Church of England, the witty Sidney Smith, disgraced himself, and the Church he represented, by his scurrilous attacks upon the Methodists of his time. "Give us back our wolves again," he says, "restore our Danish invaders, curse us with any evil but the evil of a canting, deluded and Methodistical populace. . . . The debased mummery and nonsense of Methodists has little more to do with the Christian religion than it has to do with the religion of China. . . The missionaries complain of intolerance. A weasel might as well complain of intolerance when he is throttled for sucking eggs. . . What is all this loss [that of India through the influence of the missionaries] to a ferocious Methodist? What care brothers Barrel and Ringletub for us and our colonies?" And so on, the un-reverend prelate raves through two-score pages.

Thank God that such wicked intolerance is no more possible in Christendom. Even Sidney Smith, were he living, and beheld the stamp of Divine approval on the work of the Methodist missionaries, we believe, would be constrained to pay his tribute of respect to their work of faith and labour of love.—ED.

headstones, because the majority of them were far too poor to leave the means to raise one, but somewhere on the front of the very fashionable buildings that are the delight of the Wesleyans of to-day.

It may be the exuberant admiration of a distant observer, but it seems to me that there was a humble steadiness and attachment to order about these men which lifts them above the Puritans of the previous century. John Nelson, one of the boldest of them, "went to York Minster and heard the Archbishop preach, and received the blessed sacrament at his hands," directly after he came out of the dungeon in which he had been placed through the instrumentality of the vicar of his parish, "because he preached too much" —a dungeon so vile that when they put some meat and water and a candle in through the hole of the door, "a man that lived in Bradford, and was an enemy to the Methodists," cried out, "Humanity moves me," and went and offered £10 bail and himself as a prisoner if they would let Nelson lie in a bed; but "he could get nothing from them but bad words." This same John Nelson was as quick-witted as he was pious, for, when they took him out of gaol, and a "jolly well-dressed woman," stepping out of the hundreds that had gathered to see him go guarded to Leeds, asked him, "Now, Nelson, where is thy God?" he instantly turned on her with the reply, "Look in the 7th chapter of Micah, and the 8th and 10th verses"—("Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy: when I fall I shall arise, when I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me. Then shame shall cover her which said unto me, Where is the Lord thy God ?")

These "Lives," while they are distinctly English in the absence of the empty declamation which abounds in the biographies of the saints of the Roman Catholic Church, and, if I may say so, is sometimes to be found even in the accounts of the early confessors and martyrs, are altogether un-English in their expressions of intense and vivid spiritual life. Their wider and larger views of the Fatherhood of God kept the Methodist preachers from the blacker and more depraved notions of man's fate and imperfect condition which possessed the godly in the Calvinistic communions. More stolid, less wrapped up in self than they, while their hell was as awful and their God was as much like a justice at petty sessions as those of the Puritans, according to the Methodists there was some shadow of equity in the judgments of the one, and some way of escape left open for those who turned in horror from the other.

Nelson would go out for a day's shooting, and, when chaffed by his fellow-workmen, would fight them like a lion, long after he became serious-minded. Of George Shadford it is said in his praise, "that there was nothing sour in his manners, but his company was always agreeable." Before Thomas Olivers married Miss Green he weighed the pros and cons, and, as he believed he would go into the society of a variety of persons, he chose her "because she was eminently gracious, and because he believed he was not called upon to take a fool about with him." Mr. Valton studied physic that he might medicine the bodies as well as the souls of poor people. Thomas Walsh, an Irish carpenter's son, who died in his twenty-eighth year, after having been a preacher for eight years, was so devoted to literature that he was thus spoken of by Mr. Wesley, "I knew a young man who, if he were questioned concerning any

Hebrew or Greek word in either Testament, would tell after a little pause, not only how often it occurred, but what it meant in each place." Of this Mr. Walsh we read that the rector of Bandon first of all sent the town serjeants to forbid his preaching, and then, when he refused to obey, ordered him to prison. At another place, while preaching on the Church Green, Mr. Mortimer, a Presbyterian, came at the head of a mob of several hundred persons and violently pulled him to the ground. He was hauled through the mob till he was well-nigh choked, and then furiously hunted out of the town. Another time a Roman Catholic priest hounded the people on against him by telling them "that Walsh, who turned heretic and went about preaching, had been dead long ago, and he who then preached was but the devil in his shape."

The greater fame of Wesley has hid the record of these men, so that while his persecutions have passed into our familiar recollections of the last century, those endured by the humbler martyrs who followed his teaching are all but unknown; they were, however, put to it on account of their militant faith even more than he was. As an example, there is the record of Guiseley, near Leeds, that would read like an account of A.D. 57, if we substituted Roman names and titles for English ones, except that here and elsewhere the priest of the Christian altar seems to have played a part which, so far as we can tell, was never played by the pagan sacerdos.

"One evening," says Thomas Mitchell, "while William Dorney was preaching, the curate of Guiseley came at the head of a large mob and threw eggs in his face, hurled him to the floor, dragged him into the street, and stamped on him." Jonathan Maskew was preaching in the same place a short time after. The mob treated him as they had treated Mr. Dorney; they then tore off his clothes and dragged him, all naked, over the gravel and rough stones that then paved the village street. When they thought he was hurt enough they let him go. Poor Jonathan managed to crawl to the house of one of his friends, where his wounds were bound up and some clothes found for him. It was Mr. Mitchell's turn next. Before he reached the preaching-house the mob gathered round him like "so many roaring lions." The Methodists in the place persuaded him not to preach that night and escorted him out of the village, but the mob followed him for nearly two miles in a great rage, stoning him all the way, so that he was laid by for several weeks from the bruises he received.

The strong-minded woman of that day especially asserted herself against these meek-minded men. A mob of women met this same Mr. Mitchell when he was near Heptonstall and put him in a pond of water than came up to his chin. "But, by the blessing of God, he got out safe, and caught no cold."

Poor Mr. Mitchell had a large experience of ponds. This is a Sunday experience of their quality that he had at Wrangle in Lincolnshire on August 7, 1751. He preached at five in the morning "as usual." About six, two constables came at the head of a large mob, who pulled him from the chair on which he was standing and took him to a public-house, where they kept him till four o'clock in the afternoon. Then one of the constables said: "I will go to the minister and inquire of him whether we may not now let the poor man go." When he came back he said: "They were not to let him go yet," and took him out to the mob, who at once

hurried him to a pool of filthy water, into which they threw him again and again. Seven times they made him go through it before they let him come out. As soon as he reached dry ground he was seized and held, while one of the ruffians painted him with white paint from head to foot. Then they shut him up in a public-house again, while five more of the Methodists were put into the water. From there he was taken to a railed-in pond, some ten feet deep, where four took hold of his arms and legs and, after swinging him backwards and forwards two or three times, flung him over the rails as far as they could into the water. He says: "I felt my flesh shrink, but it was quickly over, and I gave myself up to the Lord. The fall and the water took away my senses, but some of them were not willing to have me drowned, so they watched till I came above water and then, by catching hold of my clothes with a long pole, they made shift to drag me out."

But the mob had not done with him yet. He was taken to a cottage and put to bed; before, however, he had been there long, they came again and dragged him out of bed into the street once more, and swore they would cut him limb from limb if he would not promise not to come to Wrangle again. But Thomas Mitchell had as good, or even better English blood in him than they had, and would promise no such thing. Off some of the mob started to "the minister" again, who told the messengers that "Mitchell must be taken out of the parish." Hustled out of the place with only an old coat wrapped around him, he was left in the road out of the sight and hearing of his friends, after his tormentors had shouted over him three times, "God save the king, and the devil take the preacher!" Here, penniless and friendless, he remained for some time, no one daring to come near him, his strength almost gone, so that he had much ado even to stand. "But," he says, "from the beginning to the end my mind was in perfect peace, and I could heartily pray for my persecutors." At length he crawled to the house of a Methodist some three or four miles away, where he remained till his strength was restored.

One is glad to know that the Court of King's Bench was appealed to, and that its thunders made the villagers and "the minister" of Wrangle tremble. I am very sorry I cannot set down the name of the latter so as to give him the posthumous fame that he deserves. As for the tried and faithful Thomas Mitchell, who bore himself so well through the events of this unpeaceful Sabbath, we can certainly say of him, what the Breviary says of that other confessor, St. Cajetan, whose feast is also on August 7, "This man, triumphing over earthly things, hath laid up treasure in heaven by word and deed." I presume the Methodists will never ask for the intercession of St. Thomas of Wrangle; but surely a confession such as he made on that sultry August day, when spattered with his own blood, covered with filth, and drowning, he retained his perfect peace, and prayed for the ruffian "minister" and the rest of the mob, is not of lonely value, but avails also for some amongst that crowd of every-day men and women who hope for and desire, but cannot attain to, such princely virtue as his.

Mr. Christopher Hopper ran through the whole gamut of persecution. First of all, the rector of Ryton, the parish in which he lived, summoned him to appear in the Spiritual Court of Durham for teaching and preaching without a

license. At Sunderland a turbulent gathering of sailors stoned him till the blood came. One Sunday, at Salford, "some of our mistaken Churchmen" got out the fire-engine to duck him. At Wickham a constable and his attendants stood waiting with fierce impatience to seize him when the preaching was over, but he quietly escaped through a window and went home, gently chuckling as he heard his disappointed enemies cursing and falling to blows amongst themselves. He had to give up his employment, so that he and his family were reduced to beggary; but he would not give in, and after all died in peace in his eightieth year, surrounded by Methodists, and crying the old prayer of the Apocalypse, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly."

Mr. Thomas Olivers, the author of the hymn which has been said to be "the most sublime hymn in the English language"—

> "The God of Abraham praise
> Who reigns enthroned above"—

gives us an incident that shows Cathedral Chapters, in one respect at least, have degenerated from those of the last century. He used to attend "the six o'clock morning service at Bristol Cathedral," where, when the Te Deum was read, he felt "as if he were praising God before His throne." Like the monks of the Thebaid, Mr. Olivers, in the time of his spiritual awakening, continued so long on his knees in secret prayer that he grew lame and "with difficulty went about limping." It was a long time before the light he sought shone on him, and then, as he had been a reprobate of reprobates, his relatives told him "he must have seen the devil, or he would never be so changed." On the Saturday before he was to preach at Forden in Montgomeryshire he came across Viscount Hereford, the great man of the parish, who "well cursed me, and swore if there was a pool of water near he would throw me in."

The Viscount would not suffer a reply from the despised hedge preacher, who followed at a respectful distance behind, but every now and then turned round and blustered out that he would send him to prison and drive the county of those who dared to harbour him. The next day, after Mr. Olivers had received the Sacrament and attended church morning and evening, his lordship, who "came to church just as the minister was concluding," fell foul of him again, and stammered, "Wh—wh—wh—why dost thou dress like a parson? (For I was dressed in blue)." He then called for one and another to come and take Mr. Olivers to the stocks, and ended by ordering one of his footmen and one of his tenants to place him therein. The only regret the criminal had while there was "that he had not told the people he would preach in the stocks." "My lord afterwards took my uncle Tudor and the parson to the public-house, where the parson tarried drinking till eleven at night and my uncle till seven the next morning."

Shortly after this Mr. Olivers was sent by Wesley into Cornwall; having sold his horse, and being without money to buy another, he set off on foot, his great-coat strapped on his back, and his saddle-bags, with his books and linen in them, slung over his shoulders. Preaching on the way at South Molton, a letter was put into his hand with a string in it, with which, after well cursing him, the writer of the letter begged he would go and hang himself. At North Molton a large mob followed him through the streets, throwing at him whatever came first to hand. As he had quoted

texts in which the words "hell," "damned," and "damnation" occurred, the mayor issued a warrant against him for using three oaths, and fined him five shillings for each, saying "that although the fellow was a mere vagabond in the pulpit, he would treat him like a gentleman now that he was brought to justice!"

The east vied with the west in its hatred of this good man. On his going into Norfolk, the people at Yarmouth said that if he came into the town he should never go out of it alive. When he did go, the multitude were so violent that he could not preach in the market-place, where he went "after he had been to church." They followed him out of the town with a shower of missiles of all kinds, the women, as usual, joining in by standing at the doors and flinging handfuls of dirt and bowls of water over him as he went by. For years after this attack on him he was in a state of extreme weakness, "as if in the last stage of a consumption," from the hardships he went through on this and similar occasions.

At Horbury, near Wakefield, the mob beset the house where John Nelson was breakfasting, and would not be appeased till he went out to them. When he asked them what they wanted, they answered, "You, you Methodist dog." The curate's son then shouted at him, "You shall never preach again, for we will drown you in the river this day." Nor was this an idle threat, for almost all the townspeople had agreed together that they would put a halter about the neck of the next preacher that came into the town and drag him into the river to drown him. This they proceeded to do with Mr. Nelson. One man put a halter to his neck, and a butcher took hold of the other end, ready to hale him to the river; but the cool intrepidity of Mr. Nelson saved him, and the same evening he and the brethren at Kirkheaton "had a comfortable meeting."

This is how this same worthy confessor spent his Easter a century and a half since. The mob drove away the congregation that had gathered on Easter Sunday on Hepworth Moor, near York, with showers of stones; then they flung brickbats and stones at Mr. Nelson, till the blood streamed down from his head into his shoes. Then they followed him through the streets of York, still stoning him, till a pitying bystander drew him into his house and sent for a surgeon to dress the wounds of the almost fainting man. In the afternoon he rode to Acklam, where, while he was walking in the fields before service commenced, "a big man" struck at him as fiercely as he could, vowing that he would kill him. At the third blow Mr. Nelson fell, and his assailant leaped on him several times, till with this and the bleeding from his old wounds he became insensible. Boasting, "I have killed the preacher; he lies dead in the croft," the bully seized one of the weeping Methodists and flung him against the wall, and broke some of his bones.

As Mr. Nelson lay bleeding on the ground, "the parson's brother" and about twenty others came to see if he were really dead. Cursing him soundly, they got him into the street, where one and another hustled and struck him till he was down again. Eight times he struggled to his knees, and eight times they knocked him down; then, taking hold of his long hair, they dragged him over the stones, kicking and treading on him all the time. "One said, 'He has nine-score lives, but, if he has, he shall die this day.'" The "gentlemen" of the party then dragged him towards the village well, and

endeavoured to put him in. He escaped, at length, through the interference of "two gentlewomen who came out of the city," and the next day "met Mr. Wesley, and found his word come with power to his soul."

Churchman to the finger-tips as I am, I cannot deny to these men the title and the honour that I give to the other confessors who lived 1,600 years before them, and whose saintly sufferings and hardihood are reproduced in some of the narratives I have given above with almost curious exactness. Because they spoke our mother tongue and lived near our own time, we Englishmen should be the prouder of these home-bred saints, and, it seems to me, honour them with greater reverence even than we do the earlier ones, if we make any distinction at all between them. Seeing how pathetically faithful they were to the Church of England, and how often "the parson," or the parson's connections (although the Dissenters were by no means averse to Methodist baiting), were the chief abettors of their persecution, for us to call them "schismatics," because at last some of them ceased to worship with Churchmen, is like a man calling his dog a cur because, after he has beaten it and driven it from his door again and again, it goes for rest and shelter to another man's fireside.

For instance, Richmond, Bishop of Sodor and Man, issued a direction to every clergyman in his diocese, in 1776, to repel any of the "crude, pragmatical, and inconsistent Methodist preachers if they offered to partake of the Holy Communion." Three years after there were over 3,000 Methodists in the Isle of Man! The fault of this must surely lie at the bishop's door. The saints are human after all, and saints of the class from which the early Methodists were taken were not likely to make fine-drawn distinctions between their right to resent "the repelling" to which they were subjected by simply taking the authorities at their word; and the right of those same authorities to refuse to worship in communion with the ancient Church of Rome as their forefathers had done.

These men were like the early Christians, not only in their courage, but also in their holy simplicity, and in their overmastering faith in the unseen world. They were always seeing visions, hearing voices, witnessing marvels, and making the acquaintance of strange beasts. It was before the days of the Society for the Promotion of Psychical Research, or the everyday experience of some of their preachers would have given matter for it to have discussed at many meetings.

"S. H.," falling into a kind of trance, saw the place she was to go to. She also saw Paul Greenwood, shining like a sunbeam. She foretold the time of her death next, and died exactly at that time. John Nelson awoke suddenly at twelve o'clock, as if some one had called him. He felt he must go to the market-place directly, although he could not tell for what purpose. As soon as he reached it he found one inquiring for him to tell him that Mr. Wesley would be in the town in three hours' time.

Thomas Olivers, being full of joy, as he was returning home one night, saw a ray of light, "like the shining of a star," come out of an opening in the heavens and fall upon him. Thomas Payne had a great gift this way. He was in Burgoyne's light regiment of dragoons, and was sent to St. Helena. When he reached the island, he at once recollected having seen it in a dream long before he enlisted.

These rapt devotees were so constantly seeing "lights" and "stars"

and "shining forms" that the wonders which are found in the lives of the mystics of the early days of Christianity, or which are the mainstay of Buddhism and Theosophy, are quite poor and mean when compared with the experiences they relate. Not heaven only, but earth as well, went out of its course to be on the side of these eager evangelists.

John Nelson was in trouble because Mr. Wesley had sent for him to go to London, and his wife said "that he was not fit to go anywhere as he was;" but two days afterwards a tradesman, "not one of our society," brought him a piece of blue cloth for a coat, and a piece of black for a waistcoat and breeches. In Cornwall for a long time he and Mr. Wesley lay on the floor. The latter comforted him by calling out one night, "Brother Nelson, let us be of good cheer; I have one whole side yet, for the skin is off but one side." In spite of such hardships, however, "he had great joys." A gentlewoman sent his wife four guineas, the exact sum she was in trouble about, as the repayment of a loan for that sum was demanded, and she had no money to repay it with. Some one came to the Nottingham market cross, where he was preaching, to throw a squib, but God caused it to burst in the man's hands.

Coupled with these unworldly, childlike beliefs there was a plain English common sense that kept them from the irrational and unnatural ways of their forerunners in the early Church. They were true children of the matter-of-fact country and the matter-of-fact century to which they belonged. Thomas Taylor cautions the people "against putting the preachers into damp beds, as it had been the death of several." In another place we are told that "the practice of preaching 'unpremeditated sermons' patronizes a sluggish, lounging temper, and is productive of confusion, rhapsody, and nonsense." They were in advance of their time even in its clear-sightedness, for one of them says, "There is no forcing of the understanding; hard names and ridicule will never advance the cause of Christianity."

The most extraordinary thing about early Methodism was the mingling of common sense with genius and religious enthusiasm which distinguished it. Other religious movements have been noted for a greater display of the two latter qualities perhaps, but, except in the case of the Franciscan and the Jesuitic movements, they have been wanting, sometimes entirely, in the first. This was no doubt mainly because of the character of their founders. At the end of a century and a half Methodism is still what it was at the beginning of that period, that is, "Wesleyan."

To go back to our eighteenth-century saints, it was with them as it was with their prototypes in earlier days. They left no successors. The Wesleyan preacher of to-day is altogether unlike his ancestors. He is

> "Circumspect, stiff, close buttoned to the chin,
> Broadcloth without, quite orthodox within,"

to quote a mangled Cowper. Since the first generation of their race, they have been without great names, as the students of men and mental progress reckon names, with the one exception of Richard Watson, who is distinctly the nearest to Jeremy Taylor of any nineteenth-century theological writer. Less imaginative, perhaps, but more powerful and connected than Taylor, he gave to a Connexion what was meant for the Holy Catholic Church.

To one outside the pale, Methodists seem so proud of their latter-day splendour, that they are shy either of looking back at the pit from which they were dug, or of owning the rough zeal of those who first stirred the soil on which their organization is builded. To those, however, to whom the passion and the fire of unselfish love will always be precious under whatever circumstances they may happen to be exhibited, these old Methodist saints and martyrs are heroes of the highest type. Nearer than any order of Englishmen had ever done before, they fulfilled the idea the New Testament conveys of the Petrine and Pauline Church. Its virtues and its failings were manifested by them with equal luxuriance. They saw visions, they spoke with tongues as the Spirit gave them utterance, they counted all things dross except Christ's love, they were superstitious, they were self-confident, they imagined that God held their creed and theirs alone; they thought that they had found the secret hidden from the ages, and would be able to reverse humanity's order and change the long persistent ways of men. Fair, fond dream of those souls that loved heaven more than earth, it is always so; and, alas! the end of it has always been the same. Except here and there, the light has quickly passed away, and the old dimness has taken its place once more. But the hope in man and in God survives amongst the few who still dwell in the light, and they are sure that, step by step, man is conquering himself, and discovering the God that lies hid somewhere in the hearts of all.

A NEW YEAR'S SONG.

Resolve ye now, good gentlemen,
That either sow or reap;
For New Yeare cometh yet again
Where Christmasse lies asleep,
Make register of vows, and then
Have them in holy keep.

Leave off those sinnes of heart and life,
Which troubleth conscience sore;
The unkynde worde which wounds the wife:
The crust denied the poore;
The anger and the daily strife
Wherewith ye dark youre doore.

Resolve ye in youre secret mynde
To live in loftier scope;
Not stumbling in the darkness blynde
Where lesser natures grope;
But dwell, with love for all mankynde,
On stately hills of Hope!

This world, by Christ the Lord His grace,
With every plain and hill
Where cattle graze, and rivers race,
Belongeth to you still;
But shines the sun from God's own face,
And onlie by His will.

Wherefore, do ye God's pleasure note,
And in His pathway tread;
For He hath tuned each birdling's throat—
Each fowle by Him is fed
So shall thy life's shippe heavenward float,
By angels piloted.

LOVE CAME TO ME.

Love came to me when I was young;
He brought me songs, he brought me flowers;
Love wooed me lightly, trees among,
And dallied under scented bowers:
And loud he carolled, "Love is King!"
For he was riotous as spring,
And careless of the hours,—
When I was young.

Love lingered near when I grew old;
He brought me light from the stars above;
And consolations manifold
He fluted to me like a dove;
And Love leaned out of Paradise
And gently kissed my faded eyes,
And whispered, "God is Love,"—
When I grew old.

—*Francis Howard Williams.*

VOLCANOES—THEIR MODE OF ACTION AND ORIGIN.

BY NATHANIEL S. SHALER,

Professor of Geology at Harvard University.

CRATER OF VESUVIUS IN 1845.

In endeavouring to set before the reader an account of volcanoes, I find a difficulty arising from the fact that very few people have had a chance to see these curious features in the machinery of the earth. In the United States, except in the far-away island district of Alaska, there is not one that has been seen by white men in a state of activity. It is otherwise in the Old World. In Europe, Aetna and Vesuvius have had their activity associated with that of the most cultivated people of the world for about twenty-five centuries; and at many points, as in the valley of the Po or in Central France, there are groups of volcanoes which are, though no longer active, in a very perfect state of preservation, within sight of the ways which are traversed by all sight-seeing travellers.

Its convenient position, immediately neighbouring to the most beautiful scenery and the greatest treasures of antiquity, has made Vesuvius the volcano of all others which people are likely to see. Probably a hundred climb it for one who ascends any other cone. This choice of Vesuvius as the volcano of pilgrimage is fortunate, for the reason that though by no means a great specimen of its kind, it is perhaps the most useful to the student of all the thousands that have been examined and described by observers of volcanic phenomena.

It is characteristic of this most amiable of volcanoes that of late years it has been in many frequent slight eruptions. The greater number of craters lie sleeping for hundreds or perhaps thousands of years, until they break forth with

a fury that sends desolation to the country for miles from the point where the discharge takes place. But Vesuvius, which in its early years was given to furious storms, such as that which overwhelmed Herculaneum and Pompeii eighteen centuries ago has now become so mild-mannered that men till their vineyards in a fearless way on the slopes which lead up to the crater.

It was my good fortune, about fifteen years ago, on one of several visits to Vesuvius, to find it in an excellent state for inquiry, which showed me more of what goes on in an eruption, and led to a better insight into the nature of the work than has often been seen by the geologist. There was a slight eruption in progress during the night; from the windows of my lodging in Naples I could see the successive puffs of fire from the crater coming regularly, several each minute. On the following morning there was a strong northerly wind blowing, which made me hope it would be possible to approach the edge of the opening without danger from falling stones.

Climbing the long way which leads from the railway station on the shores of the bay, through the gardens, villages, and vineyards, I came at length to the observatory which has been established on the border of the area which is reasonably safe in times of trouble. Here I learned that the instruments which show the tremblings of the earth, the small earthquakes which are not perceived by our bodies, indicated that the cone was in a state of constant trembling. The observers who watch this apparatus thought it likely that some time during the day the cone would be blown away in a violent eruption, such as now and then sends the upper part of this and many other volcanoes flying into bits before the fierce blast of the escaping vapours.

My way lay across a wide field of lava and cinders to the place where the steep slope of the upper cone rose to the level where the crater was bombarding the sky with the rapidity of a well-served cannon. The climb up this cone, composed of the bits of lava which had been blown into the air and had fallen down again to the earth, was very laborious. The slope was as steep as a house roof. It took three steps to gain each foot in height. Now and then a stronger blast from the crater would shake the heap, so that it was hard to keep the ground that had been gained. It took a long hour to win the height of four or five hundred feet.

Creeping to the sharp edge of the crater, and peering cautiously into the cavity, I saw into the very mouth of the volcano. The cup-shaped depression was about three hundred feet in diameter, and perhaps half that depth ; it passed downward into a well-like pipe, perhaps sixty feet across. The lower part of the pit was, even in the bright sunlight, evidently red-hot. The sides of the pipe were white-hot. On this lower part of the pit, which shone like the eye of a furnace, a mass of very fluid lava was lashing up and down, now rising until it filled the bottom of the basin with its fiery tide, again sinking until it was out of sight.

Each time the lava rose up into the basin it swelled quickly in its middle part, and in the twinkling of an eye it was broken by an explosion of such violence that a quantity of the fluid rock was tossed in fragments high into the air. As this sped upward and downward, it had a chance partly to cool, so that as it fell on the edge of the cone opposite to where I was the roar of its striking was

very suggestive of what would happen if the wind should die away.

Although the circumstances were such as made it hard to observe closely, I had no difficulty in seeing that the vapour which blew out at each explosion was steam. As it came forth, it was of the steel-blue colour which we see just where the steam comes from the safety-valve of a very hot boiler. As it rose in the crater it soon became white, and as it whirled around me it had the well-known odour of steam, mingled with that of sulphur. In a word, it was evident that it was the vapour of water which was the cause of the explosions.

After I had watched this fascinating scene for about half an hour, with much inconvenience from the heat of the earth and from the shaking of the ground on which I lay, the explosions, which were at first at the rate of three or four each minute, became more and more frequent and violent, and the strong wind began to die away, so that a speedy retreat was necessary to escape the bits of lava, which were now falling heavily. Looking back from the base of the cone, I noted that the explosions came faster and faster, so that it sounded as a continuous roar. It was just as when a locomotive starts on its journey. At the outset we can count the puffs; as the cylinders move faster and faster the escape sounds perfectly continuous.

From the base of the cinder cone there flowed out a small lava stream. This lava was evidently full of steam, which poured forth from all parts of the surface. This is seen in all eruptions. Clouds of steam hung over the streams of lava. They are often visible ten miles or more away from the current of molten rock. In a great eruption the steam given forth from the crater often forms, as it condenses, into rains, that fall in fearful torrents about the cone. It is evident, in a word, that the explosions of volcanoes are formed by the escape of the vapour of water. They are, indeed, like the explosions of boilers.

The question now arises as to the way in which this steam gets into the lava. This we can decide by a simple bit of study of the facts. Taking a map which shows the positions of several hundred active volcanoes, we find at once that they are all situated on the sea floor, from which they rise to form islands on its surface; or, when they are on the continents, they are never more than two hundred and fifty miles from the ocean. This shows that the activity of a volcano is, in some way, related to the sea-water. The only way in which we have been able to reasonably conceive of the sea bringing about volcanic explosions will now be described.

On the sea floor there is a constant laying down of sediments—limestones, sandstones, etc. We know by the parts of the old sea floor that have been uplifted into dry lands that such beds have been formed, to the thickness in all of one to two hundred thousand feet. These beds are made of small bits of rocky matter and fragments of dead animals and plants. These bits do not fit closely together, and the interspaces are filled with sea-water, so that as much as one-twelfth of the rock is usually made up of the fluid in which it was formed. As the ages go on, these beds, with the water which they hold, are buried deeper and deeper by the newer rocks which are laid down upon them, until it may be that they are thus brought to lie twenty miles or more below the surface of the solid earth.

Next let us see as to the heat to which these rocks, with their imprisoned water, are exposed. We know from a great number of

studies which have been made in mines that for each mile we go downward in the earth there is an increase in heat, differing a good deal in different places, but on the average amounting to about one hundred degrees. Therefore, at the depth of twenty miles the imprisoned water would have a temperature of about two thousand degrees. In other words, it would be about as hot as the melted iron that comes from the blast-furnace. Thus heated, the water of the tiny cells of the rock would tend to explode with something like the intensity of gunpowder when it was fired; but as it is sealed in by the great thickness of the rock above, it cannot burst into vapour—just as in the steam-boiler the water stays as a fluid even when it is heated twice as hot as it needs be to become steam when it is not confined.

Let us now suppose that a rift, or, as geologists call it, a fault, is formed in the rocks leading from the surface downward to the level where this very explosive water lies. We can readily fancy that at once the fluid would flash into steam; and as this occurred in the myriads of little cavities in the rocks, which were so heated that they tended to become melted, great quantities of the beds would forced along with the escaping steam in the form of lava. We see also that this would account for the fact that when the lava comes to the surface of the earth it is commonly filled with steam. When it rises quickly to the air, it is blown to fine dust by the expanding vapour; or if it does not fly to pieces, the little bits of water expand into bubbles, forming pumice or lava, so full of little cavities that it will float on the water like cork.

This view as to the origin of volcanoes, although it would not be accepted by all the students of these strange features of the earth, seems most probable, for the reason that it accounts for the fact that all the seats of present volcanic activity are on the floor of the seas or near their borders, and that the extinct volcanoes which we have had a chance to study lost their activity at a time when, by the changes in the shape of the land, the sea was moved away from the region where they were found. We easily perceive that it is only where, as in the sea, beds are being laid down, one on top of another, that the heat is rising in the rocks, and the water in their crevices becoming hotter; beneath the land the rocks are always becoming less heated, so that the water which they contain is constantly cooling down.

I have spoken of the water contained in the very heated rocks as if it remained in the state of fluid. It is likely that, when in its very hot state, it may be changed into its gases, oxygen and hydrogen, of which it is composed, and that these gases would again become the vapour of water as they rose toward the surface and were somewhat cooled. This and other matters of chemical detail which go on in the wonderful laboratory of the under-earth do not hinder our believing that volcanoes are due to the escape of the water which is constantly being buried in the rocks as they are built. So large is the amount of this water which lies thus buried that probably it amounts to somewhere near as much as is held in all the seas. Were it not for the return of the buried fluid through the volcanoes, the oceans would doubtless be much smaller than they are. They might, indeed, have long since disappeared in the crevices of the earth.

Our own experience of climbing Vesuvius differs somewhat from that of Professor Shaler, as above

recorded, in Harper's Round Table. Night after night, like the red eye of Cyclops, burned the dull fire of the mountain. But all day long the mysterious column of white smoke ascends—"solemn and slow as erst from Ararat" the smoke of the patriarch's sacrifice.

After an hour's drive we reached Resina, a village at the foot of the mountain. Making a bargain with the chief of the guides, we were soon mounted, with the aid of much officious assistance, on good stout horses. Through the stone-paved streets of the little town we clattered, and soon began to climb the mountain, between luxuriant vineyards and fig and almond orchards growing upon the fertile volcanic soil. Our train was soon increased by four hangers-on, besides the guide. They well deserved this name, in its most literal sense, for they would catch hold of our horses' tails, and so for part of the way we helped them instead of their helping us. At length the road became so steep that horses could no longer climb, and we were forced to dismount.

Now the use of the guides whom our horses had dragged up became apparent. It was their turn to drag us up. One stout fellow tied a leather strap to a stick and gave me the stick, which I held with both hands while he took the other end of the strap over his shoulder, and another guide pushed me up from behind. Between the two, by scrambling in zig-zags up the mountain's side—the most fatiguing climb I ever had in my life,—I at last reached the top and stood on the edge of the crater. The weird grandeur of the sight well repaid the toil of the ascent. A crumbling ledge of rock ran round the summit, sloping suddenly down to a large irregular depression which was covered, and floored as it were, with black lava, which had cooled and hardened, retaining the form in which it had boiled up and flowed forth. This floor was studded with a number of smaller cones from which gas and steam were escaping with a violent hissing noise. Among them was one very much larger than the others —the active crater—from which issued the most frightful bellowings. About every two minutes came a violent explosion, and a large quantity of stones and scoria were thrown high in the air, and fell back into the fiery throat of this tremendous furnace. The general appearance of the scene is shown in the accompanying small engraving.

"Do you wish to go down into the crater?" asked our guides.

CRATER OF MOUNT VESUVIUS.

"Of course we do, that is what we came for," was the answer. Then they haggled for an extra three francs apiece. At length we scrambled down the steep and crumbling wall amid almost suffocating sulphurous fumes, and clambered over the tortured and uneven lava floor. Through numerous cracks and crevices steam and gas were escaping; the rocks were stained yellow, red, and purple with the sulphur incrustations, and I could feel the heat through the thick soles of my boots. In many of the crevices the rock was seen to be red-hot, and when I thrust in my staff it suddenly caught fire. Soon one of the guides gave a loud cry, and

called us to see the molten lava which we found boiling up through the black floor, and flowing along in a thick, viscid stream, like tar, only of a fiery colour. The heat was great, but I could approach so as to take some of it on the end of my staff, and press into it some copper coins which I had in my pocket, having first been shown how by the guides. When the lava cooled these were firmly imbedded, and I brought them away as souvenirs of the occasion.

My guide climbed a small cone and broke off the top with his staff. Instantly, with a violent noise, a jet of steam escaped, throwing fragments of rock into the air. As may be imagined, I hurried down as fast as possible. I should have liked very much to have looked down into the active crater; but it was quite unsafe, so frequent were the showers of falling stones; yet the guides offered to take us up for 300 francs. I suspect, however, it was mere bravado on their part. From the summit we had a magnificent view of the distant city and beautiful bay with the wide sweep of its sickle-shaped shore. After luncheon on the mountain top, part of which consisted of eggs cooked by the natural heat of this great furnace, we descended much more rapidly than we went up. All we had to do was to lift our feet well out of the cinders and down we went with tremendous strides.

MISSIONS.

BY BISHOP C. C. M'CABE.*

We have before us the most stupendous enterprise that ever was presented to human minds, the conversion of the world to God. The proposition we make is no less than this, to put our holy Christianity into the place of every false religion in this world; to put the Bible into the place of its Vedas, its Shastas, its Confucian books, its Koran; to supplant the teachings of these false religions by the Lord's Prayer, the Sermon on the Mount, the Doxology of the Church of God. That is a great enterprise, and it is well for us to sit down, once in a while, and consider it, think about it, look at the difficulties in the way, and ponder the best means to arouse the Church to the requisite enthusiasm to accomplish it. That it will be done is not to be questioned by the Christian that believes the Bible, by the Christian that utters the Lord's Prayer, by the Christian that says the Creed from his heart, sings the Doxology from his heart.

If I could have my way, I would change the very Creed of Christendom. I would put a sentence in it that is not there now, though there by implication. After we have stated our faith in the doctrines of the Gospel, I would like to have the children utter this sentence, "I believe in the conversion of the world to God." I think that would add to the Creed and make it perfect.

Says Dr. Richard Storrs, "Keep before the minds of the children a kingdom of heaven coextensive with all the earth." It would be a grand thing if the Church would learn that to-day, to teach the children that there is no doubt what-

* An address delivered at the Chautauqua Assembly, August 2nd, 1897.

ever that we shall accomplish this grand result, and bring the world into the kingdom of Christ.

I believe that we are leagued in a glorious compact with the saints of all ages to bring this world to Christ, and that failure is out of the question; and just as sure as the sun shines, so sure there will come a time when there will be no need for a man to say to his neighbour, Know the Lord, but all shall know Him, from the least unto the greatest; that there will come a time when they shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning hooks, and the nations shall learn war no more; that there will come a time when there shall be nothing to hurt and nothing to destroy in all God's mountain, for the glory of God shall fill the earth as the waters cover the sea. That is just the kind of faith that the Church needs.

A rich woman in Boston once said that the only objection she had to the Methodist Church was that it took up too many collections. And that is a valid objection in the minds of a great many people. If I had been there I would have whispered to her, the only objection I have to it is that it does not take up enough collections. If I had my way, it would take a collection every morning at the family altar, and everybody give at least a penny every day to the cause of missions; to pile up ten and a half millions of dollars in a single year, and hire a great Cunarder steamer and put her in the bay at San Francisco, and put two thousand missionaries on her; and leave one Conference in Japan, and another one in China, and another one in India, and another one in Africa. And then we would come round and march a whole Conference into Italy.

But now we have a new obstacle in the way, something that it seems to me that we have never had before, and that is the opposition of the secular press. Not only have we this inertia in the Church to overcome, but we have to overcome the opposition of the secular press, which strangely enough, since these riots and massacres have occurred in foreign lands, have taken the ground that missionaries are stirring up the world, and that they are making a great deal of trouble. The Washington Post led off in this, and in a strong article recommended to our Government that the protection of the Government should be withdrawn from missionaries unless they should consent to come out of these countries and leave these people alone who are satisfied to live their own religion. Then other papers took it up. The New York World, ever on the alert, sent a reporter to Mr. Maxim—the inventor of the Maxim gun, which will kill a thousand men a minute, to have him give his opinion about foreign missions; and Mr. Maxim sat down and wrote a four-column article in opposition to missions, taking the same ground : that unless these missionaries should come away from their posts, and allow those people to remain in the enjoyment of their religion without molestation, that the protection of the Government should be withdrawn from them. These men have not read history to any good advantage. If it had not been for foreign missions there would not have been any newspapers in this country, or any other country, to have opposed foreign missions, and there would not have been any editors to write against them.

When Paul saw that vision and heard that voice, " Come over into Macedonia and help us," he took Silas with him and started. What was Europe then ? It was full of pagans, from end to end, and not a Christian in it. But Paul obeyed

the heavenly vision, and went. He did not have any editors there to advise him not to go, and if there had been a thousand of them he would have gone just the same. Thank God he went to Macedonia. He preached his first sermon in Philippi, and got into gaol the first night. There are a great many now, that, had they been there, would have said, served him right; just as they say now when a missionary is killed. When there is a massacre, and a great conflagration of missionary property, they have actually said, "Served those fanatics right, let them come away and leave those people alone in the enjoyment of a religion with which they are satisfied." But Paul was not dismayed by getting into gaol. He was in more gaols than many a tramp. For my part, I am glad that he went to gaol, for if he had not gone into gaol, he never would have had time to write his wonderful epistles, and we never would have had them if it had not been for the fact of his enforced leisure in prison.

That was the beginning. The beginning of what? What do you see in this first effort of Paul and Silas at Philippi? If you look at it as you would look at a scientific fact, you would see this—the beginning of Christian civilization as we have it now in Europe and America. If it had not been for Paul's obedience to the heavenly vision, Europe would have remained in paganism. We have long had to bear the opposition of literary men in our endeavour to bring the world to Christ.

Why is it that people say Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and forget that they are all the names of heathen divinities, and that in those days our ancestors worshipped their idol gods? I have stood on the grave of Woden, myself, and on the grave of Thor, that the Scandinavians used to worship. They are dead now, and their graves are in Sweden. As I stood upon those graves I thought of the past, and I realized as never before what we owe to Christian missions.

A newspaper reporter interviewed the Ambassador of China about missions, and the interview was sent to me for my opinion on it. The newspaper man said to him, "What do you think of missions in China?" The Ambassador answered, "They are doing good. They have hospitals; they are doing good in those hospitals. They have orphanages; they are doing good in those orphanages." "But," said the interviewer, "they expect to convert China. What do you think about that?" And the Ambassador smiled, and said: "Think of our venerable customs, think how venerable our religion is, think of our vast numbers, and then think of these few missionaries attempting to convert China." He smiled at it, and thought it a thing utterly absurd. Well, the newspaper wanted to know my opinion of the matter, and my answer was this: Take for instance that venerable custom of feet-binding; let us think of that. Does the Ambassador of China want that to continue, where they take little girls, three or four years old, break the bones of their toes and tie them under their feet, and bind them so that they will never grow any more? That is a venerable custom. Does the Ambassador of China want that venerable custom to continue? By the grace of God we will sweep it all away. There are twenty millions of children in China that are treated that way, all the time, and I have got so stirred up over it that I am going to have an orphanage myself.

To my mind there never was such a glorious time as now.

Wars and rumours of wars we have on every side. But God is moving before the Church, breaking down the gates of brass and bursting in sunder the bars of iron, and leading us into lands we could not get into a few years ago. Thirty-five years ago you would not dare plant a mission in Austria, and you would not dare preach the Gospel anywhere in that country. Thirty-five years ago you could not get into France with your missions, but to-day one hundred and twenty preaching places exist in Paris alone. And I have visited some of them. What a joy to visit the McAll Missions in the city of Paris, and realize that they have all been planted within the last few years; to go from mission to mission and hear them sing in French, "Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me," and "Jesus, Lover of my Soul." Thousands of men and women attend these meetings every night. They were founded, as you well know, by a Scotch Presbyterian, but they have had an everlasting protracted meeting there ever since they were founded.

Thirty-five years ago you could not get into Italy at all. They would stop you at the gate, and if you had a five-cent Testament in your valise they would take it out and keep it until you came back, and then give it to you again. But now there is a great building, five stories high, a hundred and fifty-five feet long and ninety-five broad, and it has in it one hundred and forty-six different rooms—one room will seat a great congregation of six hundred people. We have a boys' school in it that has among its scholars four of the grandsons of the illustrious Garibaldi. I hope they will make a Methodist preacher out of every one of them. I would like to have a Methodist preacher named Garibaldi presiding elder of Florence, and then send word to Savonarola somewhere in heaven that a Methodist preacher was preaching the Gospel in Florence. We can get into it now.

Thirty-five years ago you could not get into Mexico, but now you can. We have a hundred and thirty-eight churches there, ourselves, and the South branch of Methodism has a great many more. Thirty-five years ago you could not preach a sermon anywhere in Mexico without being arrested. But that glorious man, Diaz, who five times has been elected president of the Republic in opposition to the mandates of the priesthood, that man says to our missionaries, "Bring more, build more schools, build more churches, come on with your Christianizing and your educating influences. We need them in Mexico." And he lends us all the power of his influence to help us in our work. Don't you think these are brightening days? Then there are the South American Republics, we can get into almost every one of them. So that all over the earth the skies are brightening, and we want to lift up our hearts and rejoice, for the day of our redemption draweth near.

We need money, and that is about the only thing now that we do need. I never make an apology for mentioning money. To me it is a sacred thing, when I think how much money will do. Bishop Thoburn told me that this great revival in India, which has attracted the attention of Christendom, can be traced directly to the influence of the Goucher schools, which are turning out class after class of converted and educated native young men and young women. Is not that a blessed thing? I do not believe it is as hard to get money as some people think. A touch of Divine power will

sometimes make the money flow as the water flowed when Moses struck the flinty rock.

God be praised. He is doing some things with our help: He is doing others without our help. To me the outlook is simply glorious. I am sixty-one years old now, almost, and I suppose in the course of nature my battles will be over by-and-bye. But I feel this morning like old Shaftesbury, when he was lying on his dying bed. He said, though he was dying in the full view of heaven, "I can hardly bear to leave the world so full of sin and misery; I would rather wait awhile and help to make it better, and to preach the Gospel to the nations of the earth." Friends, let us consecrate ourselves anew to-day to this holy work. In the pulpit, at the family altar, in the Sunday-school, in the prayer-meeting, everywhere, let us plead with them to take an interest in the cause for which the Son of God laid down His precious life on Calvary.

IN HIS STEPS.

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON.

Author of "The Crucifixion of Phillip Strong."

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

Sunday morning dawned again on Raymond, and Henry Maxwell's church was again crowded. Before the service began, Edward Norman attracted general attention. He sat quietly in his usual place about three seats from the pulpit. The News, containing the statement of the discontinuance of its Sunday edition, had been read by nearly every man in the house. The announcement had been expressed in such remarkable language that every reader was struck by it. No such series of distinct sensations had ever disturbed the usual business custom of Raymond.

The events connected with The News were not all. People were eagerly talking about the strange things done during the week by Alexander Powers at the railroad shops, and by Milton Wright in his stores on the avenue. The service progressed upon a distinct wave of excitement in the pews. Henry Maxwell faced it all with a calmness which indicated a strength and purpose more than usual. His prayers were very helpful. His sermon was not so easy to describe. How would a minister be apt to preach to his people if he came before them after an entire week of eager asking, "How would Jesus preach? What would He probably say?" It is very certain that Henry Maxwell did not preach as he had done two Sundays before. Tuesday of the past week he had stood by the grave of the dead stranger and said the words, "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," and still he was moved by the spirit of a deeper impulse than he could measure as he thought of his people and yearned for the Christ message when he should be in his pulpit again.

Now that Sunday had come and the people were there to hear, what would the Master tell them? He agonized over his preparation for them and yet he knew he had not been able to fit his message into his ideal of the Christ. Neverthe-

less no one in the First Church could remember hearing such a sermon before. There was in it rebuke for sin, especially hypocrisy. There was definite rebuke of the greed of wealth and the selfishness of fashion, two things that First Church never heard rebuked this way before, and there was a love of his people that gathered new force as the sermon went on. When it was finished there were those who were saying in their hearts, "The Spirit moved that sermon." And they were right.

Then Rachel Winslow rose to sing. This time, after the sermon, by Henry Maxwell's request. Rachel's singing did not provoke applause this time. What deeper feeling carried people's hearts into a reverent silence and tenderness of thought? Rachel was beautiful. But the consciousness of her remarkable loveliness had always marred her singing with those who had the deepest spiritual feeling. It had also marred her rendering of certain kinds of music with herself. To-day this was all gone. There was no lack of power in her grand voice. But there was an actual added element of humility and purity which the audience strictly felt and bowed to.

Before the service closed, Henry Maxwell asked those who had remained the week before to stay again for a few moments for consultation, and any others who were willing to make the pledge taken at that time. When he was at liberty he went into the lecture-room. To his astonishment it was almost filled. This time a large proportion of young people had come. But among them were a few business men and officers of the church.

As before, Henry Maxwell asked them to pray with him. And as before a distinct answer came in the presence of the Divine Spirit. There was no doubt in the minds of any one present that what they proposed to do was so clearly in line with the Divine will, that a blessing rested on it in a very special manner.

They remained some time to ask questions and consult together. There was a feeling of fellowship such as they had never known in their church membership. Edward Norman's action was well understood by them all, and he answered several questions.

"What will be the probable result of your discontinuance of the Sunday paper?" asked Alexander Powers who sat next to him.

"I don't know yet. I presume it will result in a falling off of subscriptions and advertisements. I anticipate that."

"Do you have any doubts about your action? I mean do you regret it or fear it is not what Jesus would do?" asked Henry Maxwell.

"Not in the least. But I would like to ask, for my own satisfaction, if any one of you here thinks Jesus would issue a Sunday morning paper?"

No one spoke for a minute. Then Jasper Chase said, "We seem to think alike on that, but I have been puzzled several times during the week to know just what He would do. It is not always an easy question to answer."

"I find that trouble," said Virginia Page. She sat by Rachel Winslow. Every one who knew Virginia Page was wondering how she would succeed in keeping her promise.

"I think perhaps I find it specially difficult to answer the question on account of my money. Jesus never owned any property, and there is nothing in His example to guide me in the use of mine. I am studying and praying. I think I see clearly a part of what He would do, but not all. 'What would Jesus do with a million dollars?' is my question really.

I confess that I am not yet able to answer it to my satisfaction."

"I could tell you what to do with a part of it," said Rachel, turning her face towards Virginia.

"That does not trouble me," replied Virginia with a slight smile. "What I am trying to discover is a principle of Jesus that will enable me to come the nearest possible to His action as it ought to influence the entire course of my life so far as my wealth and its use are concerned."

"That will take time," said Henry Maxwell slowly. All the rest in the room were thinking hard of the same thing. Milton Wright told something of his experience. He was gradually working out a plan for his business relations with ihs employees, and it was opening up a new world to him and them. A few of the younger men told of special attempts to answer the question. There was almost general consent over the fact that the application of the Jesus spirit and practice to everyday life was the serious thing. It required a knowledge of Him and an insight into His motives that most of them did not yet possess.

When they finally adjourned after a silent prayer that marked with growing power the Divine Presence, they went away discussing earnestly their difficulties and seeking light from one another.

Rachel Winslow and Virginia Page went out together. Edward Norman and Milton Wright became so interested in their mutual conference that they walked on past Norman's home and came back together. Jasper Chase and the President of the Endeavour Society stood talking earnestly in one corner of the room. Alexander Powers and Henry Maxwell remained even after all the others had gone.

"I want you to come down to the shops to-morrow and see my plan and talk to the men. Somehow I feel as if you could get nearer to them than any one else just now."

"I don't know about that, but I will come," replied Henry Maxwell a little sadly. How was he fitted to stand before two or three hundred working men and give them a message? Yet in the moment of his weakness, as he asked the question, he rebuked himself for it. What would Jesus do? That was an end to the discussion.

He went down the next day and found Alexander Powers in his office. It lacked a few minutes of twelve and the Superintendent said, "Come upstairs, and I'll show you what I've been trying to do."

They went through the machine shops, climbed a long flight of stairs, and entered a very large empty room. It had once been used by the company as a storeroom.

"Since making that promise a week ago I have had a good many things to think of," said the Superintendent, "and among them is this: Our company gives me the use of this room and I am going to fit it up with tables and a coffee plant in the corner there where those steam pipes are. My plan is to provide a good place where the men can come up and eat their noon lunch, and give them, two or three times a week, the privilege of a fifteen minutes' talk on some subject that will be a real help to them in their lives.

Maxwell looked surprised and asked if the men would come for any such purpose.

"Yes, they'll come. After all, I know the men pretty well. They are among the most intelligent workingmen in the country to-day. But they are, as a whole, entirely removed from all church influence. I asked, 'What would Jesus do?' And among other things it seemed

to me He would begin to act in some way to add to the lives of these men more physical and spiritual comfort. It is a very little thing, this room and what it represents, but I acted on the first impulse to do the first thing that appealed to my good sense and I want to work out this idea. I want you to speak to the men when they come up at noon. I have asked them come up and see the place and I'll tell them something about it."

Henry Maxwell was ashamed to say how uneasy he felt at being asked to speak a few words to a company of workingmen. How could he speak without notes, or to such a crowd? He was honestly in a condition of genuine fright over the prospect. He actually felt afraid of facing these men. He shrank from the ordeal of confronting such a crowd, so different from the Sunday audiences he was familiar with.

There were half a dozen long rude tables and benches in the great room, and when the noon whistle sounded the men poured upstairs from the machine shop below and seating themselves at the tables began to eat their lunch. There were perhaps three hundred of them. They had read the Superintendent's notice which he had posted up in various places, and came largely out of curiosity.

They were favourably impressed. The room was large and airy, free from smoke and dust and well warmed from the steam pipes.

About twenty minutes of one, Alexander Powers told the men what he had in mind. He spoke very simply, like one who understands thoroughly the character of his audience, and then introduced the Rev. Henry Maxwell, of the First Church, his pastor, who had consented to speak a few minutes.

Henry Maxwell will never forget the feelings with which for the first time he confronted that grimy-faced audience of workingmen. Like hundreds of other ministers he had never spoken to any gathering except those made up of people of his own class in the sense that they were familiar, in their dress and education and habits, to him. This was a new world to him, and nothing but his new rule of conduct could have made possible his message and its effect. He spoke on the subject of satisfaction with life; what caused it; what its real sources were. He had the great good sense on this first appearance not to recognize the men as a class distinct from himself. He did not use the term "workingmen," and did not say a word to suggest any difference between their lives and his own.

The men were pleased. A good many of them shook hands with him before going down to their work, and Henry Maxwell, telling it all to his wife when he reached home, said that never in all his life had he known the delight he then felt in having a hand-shake from a man of physical labour. The day marked an important one in his Christian experience, more important than he knew. It was the beginning of a fellowship between him and the working world. It was the first plank laid down to help bridge the chasm between the Church and labour in Raymond.

Alexander Powers went back to his desk that afternoon much pleased with his plan and seeing much help in it for the men. He knew where he could get some good tables from an abandoned eating-house at one of the stations down the road, and he saw how the coffee arrangement could be made a very attractive feature. The men had responded even better than he anticipated and the whole thing could not help being a great benefit to them.

He took up the routine of his

work with a glow of satisfaction. After all, he wanted to do as Jesus would, he said to himself.

It was nearly four o'clock when he opened one of the company's long envelopes which he supposed contained orders for the purchasing of stores. He ran over the first page of type-written matter in his usual quick, business-like manner before he saw that he was reading what was not intended for his office but for the Superintendent of the Freight Department.

He turned over a page mechanically, not meaning to read what was not addressed to him, but, before he knew it, he was in possession of evidence which conclusively proved that the company was engaged in a systematic violation of the Interstate Commerce Laws of the United States. It was as distinct and unequivocal breaking of law as if a private citizen should enter a house and rob the inmates. The discrimination shown in rebates was in total contempt of all the statute. Under the laws of the State it was also a distinct violation of certain provisions recently passed by the Legislature to prevent railroad trusts. There was no question that he held in his hand evidence sufficient to convict the company of wilful, intelligent violation of the law of the Commission and the law of the State also.

He dropped the papers on his desk as if they were poison, and instantly the question flashed across his mind, "What would Jesus do?" He tried to shut the question out. He tried to reason with himself by saying it was none of his business. He had supposed in a more or less indefinite way, as did nearly all the officers of the company, that this had been going on right along in nearly all the roads. He was not in a position, owing to his place in the shops, to prove anything direct, and he had regarded it all as a matter which did not concern him at all. The papers now before him revealed the entire affair. They had through some carelessness in the address come into his hands. What business of his was it? If he saw a man entering his neighbour's house to steal would it not be his duty to inform the officers of the law? Was a railroad company such a different thing, was it under a different rule of conduct, so that it could rob the public and defy law and be undisturbed because it was such a great organization? What would Jesus do?

Then there was his family. Of course if he took any steps to inform the Commission it would mean the loss of his position. His wife and daughters had always enjoyed luxury and a good place in society. If he came out against this lawlessness as a witness it would drag him into courts, his motives would be misunderstood, and the whole thing would end in his disgrace and the loss of his position. Surely, it was none of his business. He could easily get the papers back to the Freight Department and no one be the wiser. Let the iniquity go on. Let the law be defied. What was it to him? He would work out his plans for bettering the conditions just about him. What more could a man do in this railroad business where there was so much going on any way that made it impossible to live by the Christian standard? But what would Jesus do if He knew the facts? That was the question that confronted Alexander Powers as the day wore into evening.

The lights in the office had been turned on. The whir of the great engine and the crash of the planer in the big shop continued until six o'clock.

Then the whistle blew, the engines slowed down, the men

dropped their tools and ran for the block house.

Alexander Powers heard the familiar click, click, of the blocks as the men filed past the window of the block house just outside. He said to his clerks, "I'm not going yet. I have something extra to-night." He waited until he heard the last man deposit his block. The men behind the block case went out. The engineer and his assistants had work for half an hour, but they went out at another door.

At seven o'clock that evening any one who had looked into the Superintendent's office would have seen an unusual sight. He was kneeling down and his face was buried in his hands as he bowed his head upon the papers on his desk.

CHAPTER III.

"If any man cometh unto me, and hateth not his own father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple." * * * "And whosoever forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple."

When Rachel Winslow and Virginia Page separated after the meeting at the First Church on Sunday, they agreed to continue their conversation the next day. Virginia asked Rachel to come and lunch with her at noon, and Rachel accordingly rang the bell at the Page mansion about half-past eleven, Virginia herself met her and the two were soon talking earnestly.

"The fact is," Rachel was saying, after they had been talking a few minutes, "I cannot reconcile it with my judgment of what He would do. I cannot tell another person what to do, but I feel that I ought not to accept this offer."

"What will you do, then?" asked Virginia with great interest.

"I don't know yet. But I have decided to refuse this offer."

Rachel picked up a letter that had been lying in her lap and ran over its contents again. It was a letter from the manager of a comic opera, offering her a place with a large travelling company for the season. The salary was a very large figure, and the prospect held out by the manager was flattering. He had heard Rachel sing that Sunday morning when the stranger had interrupted the service. He had been much impressed. There was money in that voice and it ought to be used in comic opera, so said the letter, and the manager wanted a reply as soon as possible.

"There's no virtue in saying 'No' to this offer when I have the other one," Rachel went on thoughtfully. "That's harder to decide. But I've about made up my mind. To tell the truth, Virginia, I'm completely convinced in the first case that Jesus would never use any talent like a good voice merely to make money. But now take this concert offer. Here is a reputable company to travel with an impersonator and a violinist and a male quartette. All people of good reputation. I'm asked to go as one of the company and sing leading soprano. The salary—I mentioned it, didn't I?—is to be guaranteed two hundred dollars a month for the season. But I don't feel satisfied that Jesus would go. What do you think?"

"You mustn't ask me to decide for you," replied Virginia with a sad smile. "I believe Mr. Maxwell was right when he said we must each one of us decide according to the judgment we felt for ourselves to be Christlike. I am having a harder time than you are, dear, to decide what He would do."

"Are you?" Rachel asked. She rose and walked over to the window and looked out. Virginia

came and stood by her. The street was crowded with life and the two young women looked at it silently for a moment. Suddenly Virginia broke out as Rachel had never heard her before.

"Rachel, what does all this contrast in conditions mean to you as you ask this question of what Jesus would do? It maddens me to think that the society in which I have been brought up, the same to which we are both said to belong, is satisfied year after year to go on dressing and eating and having a good time, giving and receiving entertainments, spending its money on houses and luxuries, and, occasionally, to ease its conscience, donating, without any personal sacrifice, a little money to charity. I have been educated, as you have, in one of the most expensive schools of America. Launched into society as an heiress. Supposed to be in a very enviable position. I'm perfectly well. I can travel or stay at home. I can do as I please. I can gratify almost any want or desire, and yet, when I honestly try to imagine Jesus living the life I have lived and am expected to live, and doing for the rest of my life what thousands of other rich people do, I am under condemnation for being one of the most wicked, selfish, useless creatures in the world. I have not looked out of this window for weeks without a feeling of horror towards myself as I see the humanity that ceaselessly pours by this house."

Virginia turned away and walked up and down the room. Rachel watched her and could not repress the rising tide of her own growing definition of discipleship. Of what Christian use was her own talent of song? Was the best she could do to sell her talent for so much a month, go on a concert company's tour, dress beautifully, enjoy the excitement of public applause and gain a reputation as a great singer? Was that what Jesus would do?

She was not morbid. She was in sound health, was conscious of great powers as a singer, and knew that if she went out into public life she could make a great deal of money and become well known. It is doubtful if she overestimated her ability to accomplish all she thought herself capable of. And Virginia—what she had just said smote Rachel with great force because of the similar position in which the two friends found themselves.

Lunch was announced and they went out and were joined by Virginia's grandmother, Madam Page, a handsome, stately woman of sixty-five, and Virginia's brother, Rollin, a young man who spent most of his time at one of the clubs and had no particular ambition for anything, but a growing admiration for Rachel Winslow, and whenever she dined or lunched at the Page mansion, if he knew of it, he always planned to be at home.

These three made up the Page family. Virginia's father had been a banker and grain speculator. Her mother had died ten years before. Her father within the past year. The grandmother, a Southern woman in birth and training, had all the traditions and feelings that accompany the possession of wealth and social standing that have never been disturbed. She was a shrewd, careful, business woman of more than average ability. The family property and wealth were invested, in large measure, under her personal care. Virginia's portion was, without any restriction, her own. She had been trained by her father to understand the ways of the business world, and even the grandmother had been compelled to acknowledge the girl's capacity for taking care of her own money.

Perhaps two persons could not be found anywhere less capable of understanding a girl like Virginia than Madam Page and Rollin. Rachel, who had known the family since she was a girl playmate of Virginia's, could not help thinking of what confronted Virginia in her own home when she once decided on the course which she honestly believed Jesus would take. Today at lunch, as she recalled Virginia's outbreak in the front room, she tried to picture the scene that would at some time occur between Madam Page and her granddaughter.

"I understand that you are going on the stage, Miss Winslow. We shall all be delighted, I'm sure," said Rollin, during one of the pauses in the conversation which had not been animated.

"Who told you?" she asked.

"Oh! we hear a thing or two on the street. Besides, every one saw Crandall, the manager, at church two weeks ago. He doesn't go to church to hear the preaching. In fact, I know other people who don't either, not when there's something better to hear."

"You're mistaken. I'm not going on the stage."

"It's a great pity. You'd make a hit. Everybody is talking about your singing."

This time Rachel flushed with genuine anger.

Before she could say anything, Virginia broke in.

"Whom do you mean by 'everybody'?"

"Whom? I mean all the people who hear Miss Winslow on Sunday. What other time do they hear her? It's a great pity, I say, that the general public outside of Raymond cannot hear her voice."

"Let us talk about something else," said Rachel a little sharply.

"My dear, Rollin never could pay an indirect compliment. He is like his father in that. But we are all curious to know something of your plans. We claim the right from old acquaintance, you know. And Virginia had already told us of your concert company offer."

"I supposed of course that was public property," said Virginia, smiling across the table. "It was in The News yesterday."

"Yes, yes," replied Rachel hastily. "I understand that, Madam Page. Well, Virginia and I have been talking about it. I have decided not to accept, and that is as far as I have gone yet."

Rachel was conscious of the fact that the conversation had, up to this point, been narrowing her hesitation concerning the company's offer down to a decision that would absolutely satisfy her own judgment of Jesus' probable action. It had been the last thing in the world, however, that she had desired, to have her decision made in any way so public as this. Somehow, what Rollin Page had said, and his manner in saying it, had hastened her judgment in the matter.

"Would you mind telling us, Rachel, your reasons for refusing the offer? It looks like a good opportunity for a young girl like you. Don't you think the general public ought to hear you? I feel like Rollin about that. A voice like yours belongs to a larger audience than Raymond and the First Church."

Rachel Winslow was naturally a girl of great reserve. She shrank from making her plans or her thoughts public. But with all her repression there was possible in her an occasional sudden breaking out that was simply an impulsive, thoughtful, frank, truthful expression of her most inner personal feeling. She spoke now in reply to Madam Page in one of those rare moments of unreserve that

added to the attractiveness of her whole character.

"I have no other reason than a conviction that Jesus would do the same thing," she said, looking in Madam Page's eyes with a clear, earnest gaze.

Madam Page turned red and Rollin stared. Before her grandmother could say anything, Virginia spoke. Her rising colour showed how she was stirred. Virginia's pale, clear complexion was that of health, but it was generally in marked contrast to Rachel's tropical type of beauty.

"Grandmother, you know we promised to make that the standard of our conduct for a year. Mr. Maxwell's proposition was plain to all who heard it. We have not been able to arrive at our decisions very rapidly. The difficulty in knowing what Jesus would do has perplexed Rachel and me a good deal."

"Of course, I understand Mr. Maxwell's statement. It is perfectly impracticable to put it into practice. I felt confident at the time that those who promised would find it out after a trial and abandon it as visionary and absurd. I have nothing to say about Miss Winslow's affairs, but—" (she paused and continued with a sharpness that was new to Rachel), "I hope you have no foolish notions in this matter, Virginia."

"I have a great many notions," replied Virginia quietly. "But whether they are foolish or not depends upon my right understanding of what He would do. As soon as I find out, I shall do it."

"Excuse me, ladies," said Rollin rising from the table. "The conversation is getting beyond my depth. I shall retire to the library for a cigar."

He went out of the dining-room and there was silence for a moment. Madam Page waited until the servant had brought in something and then asked her to go out. She was angry and her anger was formidable, although checked in some measure by the presence of Rachel.

"I am older by several years than you, young ladies," she said, and her traditional type of bearing seemed to Rachel to rise up like a great frozen wall between her and every conception of Jesus as a sacrifice. "What you have promised, in a spirit of false emotion, I presume, is impossible of performance."

"Do you mean, grandmother, that we cannot possibly act as Jesus would, or do you mean that if we try to, we shall offend the customs and prejudices of society?" asked Virginia.

"It is not required! It is not necessary! Besides how can you act with any—"

Madam Page paused, broke off her sentence, and then turned to Rachel.

"What will your mother say to your decision? My dear, is it not foolish? What do you expect to do with your voice, anyway?"

"I don't know what mother will say yet," Rachel answered, with a great shrinking from trying to give her mother's probable answer. If there was a woman in all Raymond with great ambitions for her daughter's success as a singer, Mrs. Winslow was that woman.

"Oh, you will see it in a different light after wise thought of it. My dear," continued Madam Page, rising from the table, "you will live to regret it if you do not accept the concert company's offer or something like it."

Rachel said something that contained a hint of the struggle she was still having. And after a little she went away, feeling that her departure was to be followed by a painful conversation between Virginia and her grandmother.

RHODA ROBERTS.

A WELSH MINING STORY.

BY HARRY LINDSAY.

Author of "Adam Cartright's Will," etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.

DRASTIC REFORMS.

Stephen Grainger's position was now assured on the Trethyn estates, and his influence paramount. In course of time the dead heir came to be regarded only as a sweet but sad memory to the parishioners. Not so, however, with the almost broken-hearted Rhoda. Though everyone else either forgot or thought but lightly of the unfortunate Edward, Rhoda could never forget him. As the time went by she only thought of him more and more, and lingered lovingly, though sadly, upon the memory of him who had plighted his troth to her, but who nevermore would whisper to her words of love and hope. Without a bridal day, she must now forever live lonely and sad as a widow in weeds. Not for her henceforth would there ever be light or hope. Others might yet hope, though for the time their hopes were withered all and dead. Night and day her mind dwelt upon her sorrow, until her already feeble state of health grew feebler still, and she went about as one marked for the grave.

While Rhoda's health declined Stephen Grainger's health and spirits grew, and his influence and power in Trethyn greatly increased. And Stephen Grainger made his power felt and respected, at least outwardly so and in respect to servile obedience; there was not a corner of the parish, not a home, not a colliery, not a place where the terrible importance of his person and office was not realized, and realized with misgiving and fear.

Soon poor William Tucker had to go, and almost immediately his cottage was tenanted and his place filled by another, a new gardener after the agent's own heart.

Most of the heir's time was spent in London. Trethyn was too quiet for him; there was not sufficient bustle and stir, and he could not bear the humdrum existence of his inheritance. His calls for money came often, very much oftener than the agent liked, for he had to be continually resorting to various devices to raise the large sums demanded, which by no means were always easy or pleasant measures to him. At length Stephen Grainger's spirit revolted against these exactions, and his patience was exhausted. He determined to go up to London and see Mr. Arthur Bourne, and to tell him plainly that he was going the way to ruin the estate; that no estate could stand the continual drain upon its income which he was continually imposing on Trethyn. Accordingly he went up to London, and after much dodging and hunting, he managed to catch the heir of Trethyn one night just as he was going into his club.

"Well, Steve, my old fellow," exclaimed Mr. Arthur Bourne on beholding him, "and what brings you here?"

The agent's face was grave and his manner serious.

"I've come to have a little private conversation with you, Arthur," he replied.

"Now, look here, Steve," ex-

claimed the heir; "I can see by your face that you've come here on business, on that Trethyn business, and I tell you plainly I don't want to have anything to do with it. What do I understand about business? I understand more about—"

What he might have said was effectually silenced by the agent's hand suddenly covering his mouth.

"When will you learn to be discreet?" whispered the agent, testily.

"Never, I fear," answered Mr. Arthur Bourne; "but look here. I say I know nothing of business, nor don't want to be bothered with it. I am quite satisfied to trust you. What more do you want?"

"Shall we walk along a little way?" suggested the agent.

"We'll have a hansom, and go to my diggings," said the heir. "I want some money, and you can give it me there, or write me a cheque, and, Steve, don't you be amazed at the sum."

"It is this continual drain for money," said the agent, as they rattled along in the hansom, "that I've come up here about. Arthur, this cannot go on much longer. You're spending fabulous amounts, and I'm almost afraid to look into the proper state of affairs. I don't know what you'll do when Lady Trethyn dies. I heard today that she was sinking fast. When she's gone the whole affair will be in your own hands—"

"Is she so far gone?" eagerly interrupted the heir.

"She's very ill indeed. They've had Doctor Shearer in, and he gives her only a few weeks at the most to live."

"Ah, well," exclaimed the heir, "we all have to go when our turn comes, and I suppose hers is coming just a little sooner. It was rather a sad affair about her son, though."

"Not sad for you," exclaimed Stephen Grainger.

"How could it have affected me whether he lived or died?" sharply demanded the heir. "Squire Trethyn disinherited him."

"Had he lived," said the agent, significantly, "it would have affected you."

"How?"

"In a way you little think; but there is no need for us to talk about the might-have-beens of life."

"But dare he have ever showed his face again in Trethyn even had he lived?"

"Some people," said the agent after a pause, "never believed him to be the murderer. But why bother with this? I have come to talk to you seriously of money matters, and I tell you plainly, Arthur, that the income of the estate is not sufficient to meet your continual demands, and, at the same time, keep things going."

"But the estates are healthy and sound?"

"Yes, but these big advances will very soon make it unsound and unhealthy," replied the agent. "You see, it is one continual draining, and nothing now is ever done, or ever can be done, if these things are to continue, to set aside money for improvements. You cannot carry on like this. The best milking-cow can be milked dry."

Plain talking for Mr. Arthur Bourne Trethyn, and talking which he very much needed. But Stephen Grainger was just the man to talk to the spendthrift, and the only one who could have addressed him as an equal.

"What do you do with your money, Arthur?"

"What's that to you?" exclaimed the heir angrily, and crossing the room to the fireplace, for they were now in his sumptuous "diggings." "What does it matter to you if I ruin the estate?"

"Well," said Grainger, evading

the question, "you really must curtail—"

"What!"—very angrily indeed.

"I was about to observe that you really must curtail your expenses, or it will happen that—"

"Grainger," exclaimed the heir, in his anger dropping the familiar "Steve," "there's not a bit of use of your talking like that. I cannot curtail, nor do I mean to. The fact is, I'm not in a position to curtail. You live in sleepy old Trethyn, where everything is quiet, and you've not the least idea of the great expenses of life here in this big city—"

"Then come to Trethyn to live," said the agent.

"Live in Trethyn!" exclaimed the heir; "I'd be hanged first. Shut myself up in that miserable hole! Look here, Steve; I'd rather be out again in—"

"Hush!" whispered the agent.

"Well, don't wring the thing from me with your pesterings. Just understand once and forever, I'm not going to Trethyn to live, and that I'm going to stay right here and act and live just as I please."

It was no use to pursue the argument further. Stephen Grainger was convinced of it, and at once endeavoured to bring the interview to a close.

"How much money do you want?" he asked.

"A very great deal," slowly replied the spendthrift.

"Name the sum," said the agent.

Instead, however, of naming it, Mr. Arthur Bourne tore a leaf from his pocket-book, and, after writing the amount on it, passed it over to the agent in a half-guilty kind of way.

Stephen Grainger glanced at the figures, and his face flushed with surprise and vexation.

"I can't possibly make it less," said the heir.

"You must," answered the agent, in a low but firm voice; "it is a ruinous amount."

"Can't," said the heir in a monotone. "I'm involved in difficulties, and I really need the money. Must have it soon, too."

Stephen Grainger considered a moment or two. He was evidently greatly perplexed, and no little annoyed.

"Arthur," he said, "you must reduce this amount. I tell you the fact when I say the estate can't meet this sum."

"Not meet it!"

"Not at present. We've already exceeded and anticipated the income for several months to come."

"Then what am I to do?"

"Can't you reduce it?"

"No." And as he spoke the heir bent and whispered something in Grainger's ear.

"Arthur!" he exclaimed.

"It's the solid truth," averred the heir, "and if it isn't paid down soon I'm a ruined man, though the heir of Trethyn."

Stephen Grainger rose from his chair and paced the room in great agitation. Where was he to turn to raise this vast amount? Whom could he bleed for this leech?

"You see what it means," said the heir; "either I must pay up, or my creditors may pounce upon the estates."

Just what the agent surmised.

"Arthur," he said, "I confess to you I'm at my wits' end. I don't see the smallest way out of this difficulty."

"Tush! man," replied the leech, "there's plenty of ways; that is, if you're game, and willing to put them into force."

Stephen Grainger looked into his face inquiringly.

"There's the miners," suggested the leech.

"The miners?"

"Yes, don't you see what I mean?"

The light-hearted young fellow laughed ironically.

"Well, you are dense," he said; "couldn't you squeeze them ?"

A faint light was beginning to dawn upon the agent's mind, but he asked, "How ?"

"Couldn't you drop them ten per cent. or so in their wages ?"

One moment's consideration, and then the agent sprang to his feet and clapped his companion heartily on the back.

"Trust you," he said, "for finding a way out of a difficulty. You've hit upon the very thing, Arthur. It shall be done at once, and you shall have your money with as little delay as possible. But don't get into this mess again. Remember, things cannot always be so easily got over, and you must exercise caution."

"Just the very thing," the agent kept repeating to himself as he sped back in the train to Trethyn. The drop should be twelve-and-a-half per cent., and the extra two and a half should go to the rebuilding of his house. Yes, the miners should remunerate him, and Stephen Grainger came to that fixed conclusion with apparent satisfaction to his soul.

At the end of that week notices were posted up at the offices and pits of the intended reduction. A month's time, and the miners' wages were to be reduced on an average three-and-nine-pence weekly. It was a startling announcement, and caused great indignation amongst, not only the colliers themselves, but all classes of society in Trethyn.

"There's no necessity for it," said Rake Swinton angrily to a group of men congregated at the mouth of the Big Pit. "Trade is good, and there's plenty of orders in."

"It's Grainger's doing," remarked Jehu Morris, who was also one of the company. "Such a thing was never suggested in Squire Trethyn's time."

"No," said Joe Williams ; "if the old man were a bit crochety, he were honest, and always treated his workmen proper."

"It strikes me," suggested Stephen Harris, "that this big drop means revenge for the burning of his house."

"It'll be himself that's burned next," cried Rake Swinton with a great oath, "if he don't mind what he be about."

"Hush !" exclaimed George Ford. "Steady, Rake ! We shall get our ends by peaceable means if we're quiet and firm. The question is, chaps, are we to submit to this reduction ?"

"No," bawled a score of angry voices.

"Looking at it calmly," said George Ford, "it seems to be a monstrous piece of injustice. As Rake says, trade is good, and there's no clear reason for any reduction at all. My advice is that we should resist it."

"Hear, hear !" cried the men, clapping their hands.

"Fight it out !" exclaimed several.

"Months ago," said Jehu Morris, "I advised a strike, and I do so again now. We'll never get our rights until we do."

"Strike ! strike !" shouted the men approvingly.

George Ford mounted one of the small coal waggons standing near, and called to the men to listen to what he had to say.

"Chaps," he said, "I agree with you all that a strike would perhaps bring Grainger to his senses. But let us consider the matter properly. The winter is coming on, and it's a bad time to strike—"

"He's timed it thus to beat us!" exclaimed Rake Swinton.

"But he won't !" shouted a dozen voices; "we'll stand firm !"

"That's just what I was about

to say," called George Ford, above the din of angry voices. "It's very probable the agent has timed the strike. But we should meet him without exposing ourselves and the women and the children to the hardships of the winter without bread and meat. A strike means starvation, and, in the winter, cold. If we strike now there'll be no coal raised, and our fire-grates will be empty at Christmas. Think what it means, men."

"Think what twelve-and-a-half per cent. drop means," answered Rake Swinton.

"I do think, Rake," replied George boldly. "I've already told you I consider it a monstrous injustice, and that I advise resistance. But the time is not opportune. Summer is the time to strike, and not winter."

"Now or never!" cried Rake, and Jehu Morris echoed the cry.

"Very well," said George, "but we must all be agreed. There's no use of us determining to strike unless all the men in the other pits do the same. There must be a mass-meeting."

Accordingly, a big mass meeting was held the next day in a central place near to the collieries, so that as many men as possible could attend. Seth Roberts was voted to the chair, and George Ford elected secretary of the meeting. In calm, dispassionate language the old fireman laid the case before the men. He agreed with George Ford in saying that the proposed reduction was a monstrous piece of injustice, and with Rake Swinton in thinking that at the present state of trade the drop was unnecessary. But he advised a strike, and at his words the great surging mass of grimy-looking colliers before him set up a loud cheer.

"Friends," said Seth, "do not misunderstand me. Strikes are ugly things, the weapons of barbarians, in my opinion, and are to be avoided. It's the last thing we should think of, and I only advise it now because I think other means will fail. I want us to adopt the principle of arbitration. All our difficulties ought to be thus got over, but though I'm going to move a small committee of four to be formed to wait on Mr. Grainger, I know," and Seth emphasized the word and paused for it to have due effect—"I know it will not serve us one bit."

"Then why try it?" said Rake Swinton.

"Because," replied the fireman, "we must shut the mouths of our enemies. We must not give any one a chance to say that we precipitated this strike."

A committee of four was at once elected, consisting of Seth, George Ford, Rake Swinton, and Stephen Harris. These four were appointed to proceed at once to the office and interview the agent. Their definite instructions were to demand the withdrawal of the notices, and to point out to the agent that all the men in the pits would come out on strike when the notices expired unless he acceded to their demands.

"Let them," thundered Stephen Grainger, after he had heard the business of the committee; "if the mines are shut for twelve months it'll not make the least difference to us."

That was a deliberate untruth, which, however, did not deceive the committee one whit.

"We're accustomed," replied Seth, "to that stock expression. We know that one month's closing of the mines will almost ruin the estates."

Stephen Grainger glanced at him quickly.

"How dare you say that, sir?" demanded the agent.

"It's the truth," doggedly answered the fireman.

"It's a lie," retorted the agent, with an oath.

"Sir," exclaimed the fireman sternly, "we've come to treat with you for a settlement, and we address you as men. We wish to be answered as a gentleman should answer us, and we'll stand no swearing. If we are to be sworn at we shall at once retire."

The rebuke stung the agent to the quick, and almost took his breath away by its boldness.

"Where is the heir?" asked Seth. "Cannot we see him?"

"No, you cannot," thundered again the agent, "and now you may go. There'll be no withdrawal of the notices. You may do just as you like, but of one thing be assured—strike or no strike, not one of you four will ever again be allowed to work in the Trethyn mines."

Up leapt Rake Swinton's anger, and he raised his great fist threateningly; but George Ford quickly caught and held back his arm.

"Unhand me, George," cried Rake, "and I'll spoil his white, deceitful face for him."

"Steady, Rake," whispered George; "no assaults. Don't let this man," looking scornfully towards the agent, "have the least handle against you."

"Man?" sneered Rake; "beast, you mean."

Stephen Grainger rose to leave the room.

"One moment," said Stephen Harris. "Are we to take it as a settled thing with you that those notices are not to be withdrawn?"

"I've given you my answer," said the agent, "and to blackguards I've nothing more to say."

At the words he was gone quickly from the room into an ante-chamber and the key was turned in the lock. Well for him that it was so, and that he was beyond Rake Swinton's reach. But his cruel, insulting words were not forgotten, and Rake Swinton swore to make him pay the penalty for them.

"It's just happened," said Seth, "as I surmised, and now let us go back and inform the men."

Very anxiously indeed the hundreds of miners were awaiting the return of the committee of arbitration. There were scores of them who dreaded a strike, and who would have consented to work at the reduction had they dared suggest it. But they would all have to abide by the decision of the majority.

"It's no use," said Seth, elbowing his way through the crowds of excited miners who gathered round him. "We've been unsuccessful."

The result fell upon the men's hearts as a dead weight, and they looked from one to another, some in rage, some in despair.

"Friends," cried the fireman from his place in the chair, "our secretary will now give you an account of our interview with Mr. Grainger."

George did so in a few words, and then sat down for Stephen Harris to give his account of it. Then Rake Swinton spoke, and moved the meeting to great indignation by his description of the agent's treatment of the men's committee.

"Therefore," said Seth, after once again carefully reviewing the facts, "I advise the strike. And I do so for another reason. I said just now that I knew any committee of arbitration would be unsuccessful. Why did I say that?"

Seth paused for a moment as if to assure himself that every ear was open to his voice.

"Because," he said, "I know it to be a fact that the Trethyn estates are being frittered away by a gambling absentee heir."

At the words a great storm of indignation broke from the men,

and loud and angry cries rose on all sides.

"It is not bad trade," went on Seth, "that makes this shameful reduction necessary. It is a spendthrift heir. We are to be plucked to pay his gambling debts; our wives and children are to starve so that his wicked life is to be made easy. That, friends, is the main reason why I advise this strike."

Seth paused again, and assumed an air of deep sorrow.

"When Mr. Edward was alive"—he was proceeding, when suddenly a most remarkable scene occurred, and you who read this story must not put this incident down to fiction. At the mention of Edward Trethyn's name every head in that vast assembly was instantly bared, and strong, emotional cries of pity broke on all sides from the vast throng. "When Mr. Edward was alive, I solemnly promised him to hold back the men of Trethyn from extreme measures which might lead to strife, but it seems to me now as if to hold you back would be a sin. We're not to be treated like dogs, and then say nothing. One request, however, you must allow me to prefer. You, men of Trethyn, will not deny it me, I'm sure?"

"Go on, Seth," shouted several, as the fireman again hesitated, "go on; tell us your request."

"That we shall all endeavour to abstain from doing injury to any thing or any person. Let us show the world that we can fight nobly and honourably."

Some cheered, but many more remained silent. Seth's words were not received with the unanimous acclamation that they merited, and the meeting slowly dispersed without further comment, the agreement being that at the expiration of the notices all the men should cease to work.

"Who is that gentleman," said Dick Fowler to George Ford, as they went together from the meeting, "talking to Seth Roberts?"

George Ford stopped and glanced in the direction indicated.

"That," he said, the next moment, "is Dr. Shearer's new assistant. Seems a very tidy kind of man, too. He's probably congratulating Seth upon his conduct in the chair."

George Ford's guess was the literal fact.

"Mr. Roberts," the young doctor was saying, "you've acted nobly. If Edward Trethyn were alive he would say you've been splendidly faithful to your solemn promise to him."

"Did you know him, sir?"

"Very intimately indeed," replied the stranger, and then glided quickly away, leaving Seth's mind filled with some vague and undefinable memory of the past.

What was it?

CHAPTER XIX.

A FEARFUL SECRET.

From the great mass-meeting George Ford and Dick Fowler went slowly home together.

"What the outcome of it all will be," said George meditatively, as they went along, "it is difficult to foresee."

"Are you satisfied?" asked Dick Fowler.

George looked at his companion inquiringly.

"I mean," explained Dick, "are you satisfied with the decision?"

"The decision to strike?"

"Yes; do you agree with it?"

"I regret it," answered George. "I regret the necessity of it, but I do not well see what other decision could possibly have been taken."

Slowly, meditatively, the two men walked on for some moments in silence.

"For my part," said Dick, presently, "I am thoroughly dissatisfied with it, and wish it had been otherwise."

"What would you have?" asked George in manifest surprise. "Would you work at the reduction?"

"Yes," said Dick, meekly.

George glanced at him in complete astonishment.

"Would you submit to be trampled upon?" demanded George.

"If it be God's will," replied Dick.

George Ford's astonishment increased tenfold.

"Look'ee, lad," he said, "you're a complete enigma. What a strange mixture you are! And you mix up religion with everything."

"So Christian men ought to do," answered Dick.

"Yes, but you are now suggesting that your Christianity ought to rob you of your manhood."

"It ought never," replied Dick, "to lead us into strife, even though it be for our just rights."

"Dick," said George humbly, "I trust I've got a little religion, but it's not like yours. Your conceptions of Christian duty and mine are altogether different. Nor do I think your conception a right one. I don't believe the Master ever taught such doctrines as you express. To my thinking, such teaching would rob Christianity of its glory, and, still more, Dick, I think it is such opinions as yours that does Christianity so much harm, and makes it so unpopular with certain sections of the working classes. Christ's religion, Dick, is not cowardly, but noble; not a thing to be spurned and despised, but to be loved and cherished."

Dick Fowler shook his head.

"The Christian's portion," he said, "is not in this world. What does the Master say? 'My kingdom is not of this world, else would my servants fight.' And we cannot do better than follow the Master."

"Nay, lad," replied George, "but that is not a fair inference. The Master spoke of a spiritual kingdom, and in speaking distinctly declares that, if His kingdom were temporal, then His servants would fight."

Dick knit his brows in thought.

"But we belong to the spiritual kingdom," he said presently, "and to the household of faith."

"Just so," answered George, "but we belong to this temporal kingdom as well, and we cannot afford to be shuffled out of everybody's way or treated just as they think fit."

"But why should we fret and strive?" queried Dick. "This world is not the heritage of God's people, and we don't expect to have it all bright here. Our heritage is above. When we get yonder, George, we will be amply compensated for all our trials here below."

"I do not doubt it," answered George, "but that does not lessen in one degree our present duty, and I do not think it is our duty to calmly submit to the persecutions of the world, but to bear up against them, and, if possible, to overcome them."

"That is not the teaching of the great Apostle," said Dick. "He admonished every soul to be subject to the higher powers, and reminded us that there was no power but of God, and that the powers that be were ordained by God."

"That's just where the difficulty comes in," said George quickly. "If I b'lieved that Stephen Grainger's power was of God, I would not have advised this strike. But I don't believe it, Dick. You might as well say that God designs evil for His children."

There was something about George Ford's way of putting things which caused Dick Fowler much thought, and which, for the present, effectually silenced him.

That same evening, just when the shadows were beginning to fall, the young miner, dressed in his Sunday clothes, bent his steps towards the fireman's home.

Nearing the house, he perceived that Dr. Shearer's carriage stood outside the door, and for a moment or two Dick stood irresolute, debating within himself whether he should go forward or retire. But as he stood there he suddenly beheld Seth come to the door and look up and down the road. The sight of the fireman encouraged Dick, and he boldly pressed forward.

"Rhoda's ill again?" queried Dick, nodding towards the doctor's carriage, as he grasped Seth's hand.

"Can't say," replied Seth, "that she's ill again. She hasn't been better yet. It's the same complaint as before."

"She doesn't get much better, I fear," asked Dick.

"She hasn't done so as yet," answered Seth, "but I think there's strong hopes now of her mending."

"That's good news," said Dick heartily. "I'm right-down glad to hear you say so."

"Have you called to stay?" asked the fireman, with a strange trembling in his tone.

"Y—es," answered Dick, "I thought I'd just pass an hour or two with you. Besides," and Dick faltered terribly, "I wanted to speak with Rhoda."

"Well, the doctor is inside now," said Seth softly, "but you can wait until he's gone."

"Oh, yes," said Dick eagerly. "Certainly."

"P'r'aps you wouldn't mind," said Seth mysteriously, "going round to the back door? You will find it on the latch, and there's a good fire in the grate. You'll be able to make yourself comfortable until he's gone."

Dick was greatly surprised at the fireman's request, but at once consented to do as he was asked. He was too thankful for the prospect of seeing Rhoda to question Seth's proposition. But when he had been solitary for nearly half an hour before the kitchen fire, he began to fidget and to show signs of uneasiness.

"Strange," he muttered to himself, "that the doctor has not gone yet. After all, is Rhoda worse than Seth anticipates?"

Another quarter of an hour passed away, and then Dick gradually became aware of the approach of some vehicle without. He could hear the sounds of the rumbling wheels drawing nearer and nearer, until at last they seemed to stop at the fireman's door. Filled with curiosity, Dick went to the window and looked out.

"Dr. Shearer's carriage, I do declare!" he exclaimed softly.

He was filled with astonishment. Less than an hour ago he had come in from the door, and that very carriage was standing there then. During the whole time he had sat in the kitchen alone he had fancied it still standing without, and he had been anxiously waiting for it to depart and the doctor with it. Yet here it was returning from somewhere—he did not know whither—and the puzzling circumstance seemed to him peculiarly mysterious and strange.

A sea before
The throne is spread;—Its pure, still glass
Pictures all earth-scenes as they pass.

We, on its shore,
Share, in the bosom of our rest,
God's knowledge, and are blest.

—*Cardinal Newman.*

HOW TO REACH THE UNCONVERTED.

BY REV. W. S. BLACKSTOCK, D.D.

A conversation which took place in the Toronto Methodist Ministers' Meeting a short time ago has suggested this article. From this conversation it appears that in this Christian community there are large numbers of people who make no profession of religion, and who are evidently out of Christ, who have drifted so far away from the Churches as to be practically beyond their reach. Some of these are poor and some of them are rich; some of them are ignorant and vicious, and some of them intelligent, well-informed, and in many respects reputable members of the community. But none of them give evidence of having undergone that divine change of which our Lord spoke in His conversation with Nicodemus, when he said, "Ye must be born again." Or, to use the phrase which is most common among us, they are not converted. Many of these are seldom or never found in a place of worship; or if they are attracted now and again to hear a specially popular or eccentric preacher, they come and go like the door on its hinges, unbenefited and unblessed.

It is further evident from the conversation referred to, that these people are the subjects of deep and earnest solicitude upon the part of the ministers. They are deeply interested in them, they mourn over them, and they are earnestly debating the question in their own minds, and among themselves, what can be done for them? How are they to be effectually reached? If these people are to be saved it is evident that they must be saved through the instrumentality of the Churches. If these ecclesiastical organizations have any *raison d'être*, or any right to exist, it is not merely that they should be select clubs to minister to the gratification, the intellectual and social improvement, or even the spiritual well-being of their members, but that, in the spirit of the Master, they should seek and save that which is lost. The presence of a great and growing class of unsaved people in the midst of a professedly Christian community, drifting farther and still farther from the Church, with a chasm growing wider and deeper between them and the only instrumentality by which their rescue can be effected, is felt to be a reproach to both ministers and people.

This is the way that the ministers are looking at the subject. Without bitterness, without a disposition to lay the blame upon any one else, they are searching their own hearts, earnestly inquiring why are these things so? If they are in fault, however unintentional it may be, they want to know it. If errors have been committed they have determined that as the light comes they shall be rectified. But they want to feel their ground, to be sure that they are right, before they venture on any onward movement. The ministers are praying, and the burden of their prayers is for more light. And it cannot be doubted that many of the more spiritual and devout of the people are praying with equal earnestness and faith for the showers of blessings which are needed by the Church in order to prepare her for meeting her obligations to the perishing around her.

Another thing must have forced itself upon the attention of all who had the privilege of hearing the conversation which has been referred to is, that the ministers have a deep and perhaps a growing conviction that if this work is to be overtaken, it must not be left to them alone, but that they must have the co-operation of the laity. This conviction perhaps is strongest with those who have had the largest experience. There must be more definite, systematic, intelligent and persevering effort on the part of godly men and women to bring their unconverted neighbours to Christ. It was said of the early Methodists, in answer to the question, how it was that they multiplied and grew so rapidly, that they were all at it and always at it. The aim of our fathers was, as far as possible, to leave no talent unemployed. They provided a place of usefulness for every one, and sought to prepare every one for his place.

If a man could preach in such a way as to awaken sinners and lead them to the Saviour, they made a Local Preacher of him. If he could not preach, but had the gift of exhortation, they appointed him to the office of an Exhorter. When he could neither preach nor exhort publicly, if he had the necessary gifts and graces, they made a Class-leader or a Prayer-leader of him; and when he was unable to take any official position they put him

under the leadership of another, and encouraged him to do all he could to bring those who had been his associates and companions to Christ.

If the temper and spirit of the ministers who took part in the conversation referred to has been properly understood, there is a disposition to return again to at least the spirit of those primitive times. It is true the times have changed, and some things that worked well, even a few decades ago, do not seem to work so well at present. We sometimes hear it said, "Why can we not have an old-fashioned revival such as some of us have witnessed years ago?" These things still exist in the country and in the smaller towns; but in the great cities, where life is so intense, and where there is so much to engage the attention of the people, it seems next to impossible to carry on successfully the revival services of the olden time. But even if they could be, is there not, so far as the city is concerned at least, a more excellent way? A revival is a good thing; but it is a better thing to so live and work as not to need a revival. It is a good thing to get sinners converted in considerable numbers occasionally; but it is better to see this saving work going on continuously. It is not the spasmodic effort that causes the ark of God to move forward most successfully, but what the sailors call, "a strong pull, a long pull, and a pull all together."

One minister gave an experience of this kind. He was in charge of a congregation in which there was not a person of wealth, of social position, or of worldly influence of any kind. There were, however, a few poor people of undoubted piety. These poor labouring men were in the habit of going out among their neighbours in the evening two and two, and visiting those families who never attended religious services of any kind. They paid them a friendly visit simply as neighbours, told them about the services of the church, especially of the weekly prayer-meeting, gave them a cordial invitation to attend, and usually asked the privilege of praying with them before they left. They also promised to call for them, if it were agreeable, and to accompany them to the evening service. The result was that not only were new faces seen in the prayer-meeting, but conversions took place almost every week. The same method was tried in another place under even more discouraging influences, with the same results.

The same minister told of another place where even this method was impracticable, on account of the fewness of the people that made any profession of religion, or that were of sufficient influence with their unconverted neighbours to induce them to come out to the services of the church. But when the people he desired to reach could not be induced to come to the services, he and a handful of his people took the services to them. They commenced a series of cottage prayer-meetings of a strictly evangelistic character; and after holding them in their own houses, asking their neighbours to come to them, they then asked the privilege of holding them in the houses of the people who never came to church. In every case the privilege was granted; and in every case the prayer-meeting, like the ark in the house of Obed-edom, brought a blessing with it, and left a blessing behind it. Whole families became Christians. These instances may serve as object lessons, and may shed some light on the interesting subject under discussion; and, it may be, afford some assistance in solving the important problem of reaching the unconverted.

DRIFTING.

A wide expanse of sky and sea,
A tiny open boat,—
Grayness above, around, below,
As silently I float.

Unbroken stillness broods o'er all,
Even the gulls have flown,
With not the smallest sail in sight,
And I feel so alone.

I cannot bear the solitude,
My heart is filled with doubt—
When in the deep far-reaching dome,
The friendly stars shine out.

And now I feel no more alone
Upon the restless sea,
Those loving stars are keeping guard,
And watching over me.

How often on the sea of life
There comes a breathless calm!
Drifting alone 'neath solemn skies,
We feel a vague alarm.

But, when the silence and the dark
We can no longer bear,
God always sends some ray of light
To tell us of His care.

AGGRESSIVE METHODISM.

Methodism is nothing if not aggressive. It must adapt itself to the changed conditions of society, to the intenser commercial and social life of the times, to the wider and more varied intellectual outlook of these latter days. Never was there greater need that Methodism should fulfil its mission of "spreading scriptural holiness throughout the land." The engrossments of business, the allurements of pleasure, the hurry, and often the worry, of modern life create a more imperious demand for a great spiritual force that shall co-ordinate all the powers of the being to the glory of God and welfare of man.

In another article of this number the Rev. Dr. Blackstock calls attention to the deliberations of the Toronto Methodist Ministers' Meeting on this important subject.

In some of the American cities very practical methods of house-to-house visitation have been employed to bring the claims of the Gospel to bear upon every household, and, if possible, upon every individual in the city. In the city of Washington, for instance, such a visitation was carried on, and an inquiry was made as to church and Sunday-school relations if any, and urgent invitations were given to attend the services of God's house. Sometimes these inquiries received a rebuff. One saloon-keeper said he would give the information for five dollars, but in the overwhelming preponderance of instances visits were received with gladness, and, in many cases, the invitations were very thankfully accepted.

This is the kind of work in which the Epworth Leagues, and other young people's associations, may, with great advantage, take part. It is better to go two and two as our Lord sent forth His apostles, for the advantage of mutual sympathy and support. To be most successful, thorough organization is necessary. This is more feasible in our smaller than in our larger cities. In the former every house could, within a limited time, be visited. In many respects a co-operation of the different Churches would be most successful. In the experience of the present writer, a city of some forty thousand inhabitants was thoroughly canvassed by the co-operation of the ministers of the different Churches. They went out two and two to avoid the very appearance of proselyting. One of the first questions asked us was, "What Church do you belong to? What Church do you wish us to attend?" The answer was given, "Well, my colleague is a Presbyterian, and I am a Methodist. We want you to attend the Church for which you have the preference."

By this means great numbers of lapsed members were restored to Church fellowship, and many others were induced to attend. There are multitudes of Methodists, who, moving from place to place, neglect to procure letters of removal, or to present them if they have procured them. We respectfully commend some such method of visiting the people in their homes and of persuading them to come to the house of the Lord.

In some of our churches a forty-minute prayer-meeting is held before the evening service on Sunday. A grand preparation is this for the effective hearing of the Word. In addition to this we are persuaded that it would be a vast advantage if some of the young people, or older ones either, would on Sunday afternoon or evening visit the scores of boarding-houses where hundreds of boarders dwell, but have no home, whose hearts are yearning for sympathy and human kindness, and who would respond warmly to such a manifestation of Christian friendship.

Having got these strangers to the service of the sanctuary, the next thing is to make them feel at home, to give them a cordial welcome, to invite them to the after-meeting, to converse with them individually, and to thus seek their personal conversion.

BOOKS.

He ate and drank the precious words,
His spirit grew robust;
He knew no more that he was poor,
Nor that his frame was dust.

He danced along the dingy days,
And this bequest of wings
Was but a book. What liberty
A loosened spirit brings!

—*Emily Dickinson.*

METHODIST DEACONESSES.

MISS DAWDY. MISS NABLO. MISS TINGLEY.

THE FIRST METHODIST DEACONESSES SET APART IN CANADA.

From the report of the Board of Management we glean the following encouraging information :

The record of the third year's work of the Deaconess Board may be consolidated under one word, "progress," and it impresses us with three things : 1st, the vastness of the work ; 2nd, the limitations of our agencies ; 3rd, the large results achieved by these limited agencies. It may be stated with the greatest confidence that seldom has any organization been able to accomplish so much with such a small expenditure of money.

Without attempting to cover every department in which their labours have been abundant, we may simply cite the following items : 5,695 calls have been made, and 1,434 visits have been paid to the sick ; 550 baskets of food, 1,473 garments, 720 papers and tracts, and $229.25 in cash have been dispensed.

During the year Miss Thompson, Superintendent of the Home, resigned her position in order to resume a place of responsibility in the Chicago Training School.

The Management has been successful in securing as a successor the present occupant of the position, Miss Scott, who came with the highest testimonials, and whose kindness, painstaking industry, consecration and gifts have already won the confidence and esteem of all who know her.

By the kindness of the authorities of Victoria University arrangements have been made by which the deaconesses in training are enabled to obtain special equipment for their work.

Special mention is made of the generous bequest of the late Hart A. Massey, Esq., who, in the midst of his many benefactions, remembered with special care and thoughtfulness the work of this Society. In addition to a very large amount that may in future be available for a Deaconess Home, Training School and Hospital, the sum of $10,000 was set apart for the purpose of maintaining deaconesses in connection with the Fred Victor Mission. By the kindness of the executors this provision is already being carried out, and additional toilers are being provided for the work.

The Treasurer's statement is a satisfactory one, showing the receipts of the year to be $869.54, and the expenditure $766.80, leaving a balance on hand of $102.74. Not a little of the credit for this gratifying condition of things is due to the Treasurer himself, J. W. Flavelle, Esq., and to the lady members of the Board.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS AND SOCIAL PROGRESS.*

This is the most comprehensive volume on the philosophy of missions with which we are acquainted. It is the expansion of a series of lectures on missions, given at Princeton Theological Seminary, and other colleges. The study of this important theme is from the view-point of what may be called the new science of Sociology. In order to treat the subject amply and authoritatively, not only was the current literature of missions thoroughly studied, but direct correspondence was had with over three hundred missionaries representing various societies in many lands.

The environment of Oriental civilization, its history, and its present condition, are brought under searching review. The influence of the great ethnic religions of the world upon society is amply shown. Most important of all is the exhibition of the adaptation of Christianity to purify the moral life of mankind. The service rendered by missions in the spheres of education, literature, philanthropy, social reform, and national development is pointed out. While there is much in this survey of the non-Christian world in its revelation of the intense moral evil of heathenism and Moslemism, yet our author is no pessimist. He has grand and intense conviction that the religion of Jesus is the cure for all the ills of all the world.

"Christianity," he says, "as yet touches the age-incrusted and unyielding surface of heathen society only in spots, and has hardly broken its way through to an extent which enables us to recognize fully its power or to discover its transforming tendencies in the non-Christian world. It is sufficiently apparent, however, that a new force of transcendent energy has entered the gateway of the nations and has planted itself with a quiet persistency and staying power in the very centres of the social life of the people. From its modest haunts of church and school, of hospital and asylum, and through its unostentatious instrumentalities of literature, personal example, regenerated home-life, and sanctified individual character, it is destined to go forth conquering and to conquer, as a potent regenerator of society and the maker of a new civilization."

A very important section of this volume is the lecture on the social evils of the non-Christian world. These are classified as :

1. The individual group, affecting primarily the individual, as intemperance, the opium habit, gambling, immorality, self-torture, and suicide.

2. The family group, as affecting the degradation of women, child marriage and widowhood, and other domestic evils.

3. The tribal group, as the slave trade, cannibalism, blood feuds, and the like.

4. The social group, as witchcraft, quackery, neglect of the poor and sick, and uncivilized and cruel customs, caste, etc.

5. The national group, as civil tyranny, oppressive taxation, massacre and pillage, as especially illustrated in Turkey and China.

6. The commercial group, as commercial distrust, deceit and fraud.

7. The religious group, as idolatry, superstition, religious tyranny and persecution.

Another lecture is devoted to the ineffectual remedies of these evils, and causes of their failure. The concluding chapter of the volume treats with enthusiasm Christianity as the only social hope of the nations.

The succeeding volume will discuss the dawn of a sociological era in missions and the contribution of Christian missions to social progress. A very copious bibliography on mission literature on various aspects of this great theme is presented.

The following sentences express the convictions of Dr. Dennis as to the responsibilities of the Church to Christian missions :

"Is it not plain that the Church in its missionary capacity has a responsibility as well as an opportunity which is of transcendent moment to mankind? Christianity needs a deeper world-consciousness. Modern life is developing it. International interchange and sympathy are quickening it. Nations are becoming members one of another. This is a process in which the spirit of Christianity is specially needed as a solvent and stimulus, and in which its universal mission will be recognized more and more.

"Let us not be dismayed if only those

* "Christian Missions and Social Progress." A Sociological Study of Foreign Missions. By the Rev. James S. Dennis, D.D. 2 vols 8vo. Vol. I. Pp. xvi.-468. Price, $2.50 per volume. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company. William Briggs.

who believe in Christ to the uttermost, and who are in mystic sympathy with the ruling passion of His life and reign, are ready to 'follow the gleam' of a world-wide redemption. Missions, after all, are simply the gospel writ large by the pen of prophecy from the view-point of absolute faith. The entrance of missions into the modern life of ancient peoples is a fact of the highest historic, as well as ethical and religious, significance. They are the herald of a new era of beneficent progress to the less favoured nations of the earth. The social scientist who discounts Christian missions as of no special import is strangely oblivious to a force which has wrought with benign energy and unexampled precision in the production of the best civilization we have yet seen in the history of mankind, and whose transforming ministry, let us thank God in the name of humanity, is not yet finished."

The numerous photographic illustrations present vivid pictures of the mission field, mission progress, missionary institutions and missionary success in the contrasted aspects of the people among whom such trophies have been won before and after the religion of Jesus had wrought its marvellous transformation. The book will enlarge our knowledge of this grandest work in the world, and cannot fail to quicken our sympathy and increase our efforts for the conversion of the world.

GREAT FORTUNES AND SUCCESSION DUTIES.

It is not often in Canada that such a large fortune as four millions of dollars is transmitted to a single legatee. Never, we believe, in the history of our country has that legatee been a lad of fifteen years of age. Of course it may be said that the person possessing such a great fortune had a right to do what she would with her own. We are not so sure of that. Great wealth carries with it great obligations. It would not be very difficult to find many worthy objects through which the welfare of the people at large might be greatly benefited by the bequest of a portion of this vast sum and yet leave as much as was good for any young man to start life upon, instead of six millions or more which this legatee will receive on coming of age. The great philanthropies and charities of the times, the great educational interests of our country, could all make good use of a generous share of this large fortune. A large proportion of such fortunes is the unearned increment for which the possessor renders no service save cutting the coupons from his debentures. It is a vindication of the succession duties of this Province that at least one-tenth of all money so bequeathed except to those near of kin shall be given to the charitable institutions of the country.

We note the recent bequest of a lady in Hamilton whose fortune was only one-thirtieth as great as that above-mentioned, yet generous amounts were left to numerous public and private charities. Less than two years ago the late Hart A. Massey passed away from a life of busy industry and bequeathed some two millions of dollars to a wide range of charities and philanthropies. Because he wisely provided that the great works whereby many hundreds of employees and their families were maintained should not be crippled by the immediate withdrawal of this large amount, certain unfriendly critics who never showed much sympathy for Methodism were greatly distressed in their minds—one would think they could not get sleep at nights on account of it—lest the Methodist people should not receive within a measurable time their share of these bequests. Already, within less than two years, a large proportion of these bequests have been paid in full, and others are being promptly and generously met. Nor were Mr. Massey's benefactions postponed until he could no longer enjoy his hard-earned fortune. Long before his death many great and noble gifts were bestowed on worthy charities. What a joy in life, and a joy, we judge, heightening that of the world above, to think of the pain that has been assuaged, the sorrow that has been soothed, the struggling poor who have been aided, the many who have been blessed and benefited for this world and the world to come by such use of the money wherewith God has entrusted man.

Auspicious hope! in thy sweet garden grow
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe.
—*Campbell.*

THE MATCHLESS LIFE.*

We have had more than enough of fictitious narratives designed to illustrate the life and times of Jesus of Nazareth. Many of these have taken unwarrantable, and often irreverent, liberties, with the sacred narrative. This book is of an entirely different character. It is properly named by its writer, "An interpretation." It seeks by tender and reverent use of historic imagination to fill out the narrative given us in outline in Scripture. It is the result of profound

THE REPOSE IN EGYPT.

From Elizabeth Stuart Phelps' "The Story of Jesus Christ."

* "The Story of Jesus Christ." An interpretation. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $2.00.

study of the best literature on this subject. Above all, it is marked by spiritual insight and by poetic feeling and expression. It makes more real the sacred narrative and unfolds its inner meaning.

We may not always agree with the interpretation of the writer. The temptation of our Lord, we judge, is made too subjective in character. We prefer what we conceive to be the literal and objective narrative as given in the Gospels and repeated in Milton's "Paradise Regained." Only a woman of keenest sensibility could enter with such womanly sympathy into the contrasted experiences of the Blessed Virgin and of the much sinning but much loving and forgiving woman who anointed the feet of our Lord in the house of Simon the Pharisee. Throughout the volume Christ's chivalric tenderness to woman is admirably set forth.

Our author portrays with much skill the growing hatred of the ruling classes of Judea towards the Prophet of Nazareth. The mingling in Christ of the human and divine, and his utter loneliness and isolation, are beautifully expressed.

Our author's account of the healing of the demoniacs at Gadara and destruction of the swine is a rather rationalistic interpretation of the miracle. But elsewhere the distinctly supernatural character of the mighty works of our Lord is distinctly accepted. At times the poetic insight gives, we judge, a truer interpretation than does the acumen of the scholar. An instance of this occurs in the account of Christ's miracle of calming the storm upon the Sea of Galilee.

"The little craft was labouring painfully in the trough of a heavy sea. One of the sudden squalls for which capricious Gennesaret was famous had struck the lake. The wind drew down from the gorges of the hills in dangerous flaws and gusts. The water was smitten to madness. The full moon had gone under a thick cloud. The light was gray and wan. Foam flew. The bow plunged too deep. Water was rushing over the rails. The experienced crew were thoroughly frightened, and that with good reason. The boat was in danger of swamping.

"The fishermen had lost their heads. The lateen sail was already down ; they were in too great depth to anchor ; they had not been able to keep head to the wind ; their rudder refused to do its duty ; and the boat was at the mercy of the sea. They clambered aft in terror. One of them had roughly awakened the Rabbi, and they were all crying out together :

"'Master ! Master ! We are perishing !' He rose to His feet quietly. The fishermen, all their lives used to the tricks of Gennesaret, were altogether demoralized. Their rude voices rang above the roar of the storm : 'Save us ! Save us ! Save us !' In fact, the boat was practically sinking. And they were far from either shore, too far for swimming. Their situation was serious enough.

"A strange expression crossed the countenance of Jesus. He seemed more surprised at the fears of His friends than disturbed at the common danger.

"But He turned His attention at once to the storm. He seemed to make a curious fine distinction between the wind, which was the offender in the trouble, and the passive sea, which was only the helpless agent. Suddenly there shot from His lips a severe rebuke ; as if the wind were a conscious and a guilty thing, and as if he were lord of it ; as if He and Nature understood each other better than He and man. As if it acknowledged the order, the wind went down meekly. There fell upon the air one of the sudden calms, quite possible upon the lake, but which there was no evident reason to expect just then. The moon swept out from the cloud. In the reviving light, the crew saw one another's terror-stricken faces, and His who showed no fear. He stood serene, smiling, with one upraised hand and arm, a statue of strength and assurance. In a very low tone they heard Him speaking to the water ; not as He had addressed the wind, authoritatively and like a master calling to account, but in a sweet, persuasive voice, such as one might use to a nervous woman or frenzied child : 'Hush ! Peace ! Peace, and be still !' "

Our author here recognizes the distinction employed by the evangelist Mark when he said, "He arose and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, 'Peace, be still !' "

In the solemn closing scenes of the life of our Lord, scenes which are the proper subject rather for devout contemplation than for realistic description either in picture or in words, our author is, we judge, less successful. Yet with much power she describes the gathering clouds of those latter days and the meek submission of the Son of man to the will of God. It is a difficult task, if not beyond the ability of the human mind, to adequately represent the relations of the human and divine in the life of our Lord. We do not know that our author has succeeded where so many others have failed.

With permission of the publishers, we have pleasure in presenting a typical example. We saw the original of this in the Salon at Paris eighteen years ago, and it has haunted our memory ever since. It is a calm night in the desert. The bright moonlight floods the scene and brings into strong relief the calm-browed Sphinx, in whose outstretched arms Mary and the Divine Child have found refuge. At its base, wrapped in his travelling cloak, lies Joseph beside his tethered ass. The thin column of smoke climbing to the sky, of the tiny watch-fire, shows how pulseless is the desert air.

We heartily recommend this volume for study in comparison with the narrative of Scripture, best of all in some Harmony of the Gospels, as throwing much light upon the life of our Lord, which is the subject of study throughout Christendom of twenty millions of Sunday-school teachers and scholars in 1898. The numerous illustrations are by the foremost artists.

The World's Progress.

Cross Against Corslet.

The year draws near the holy Christmastide, with its blessed promise of "peace on earth, good-will to men," without seeing the fulfilment of the angels' prophecy. We behold on every side larger war budgets, increasing armaments and growing navies. Yet we falter not for a moment in the confidence of the ultimate universal reign of peace.

Cross against corslet
Love against hatred,
Peace-cry for war-cry!
Patience is powerful;
He that o'ercometh
Hath power o'er the nations!

Stronger than steel
Is the sword of the Spirit;
Swifter than arrows
The light of the truth is;
Greater than anger
Is love, and subdueth!

It is possible that the arming of the nations may go on till the burden shall become so intolerable that they shall hurl it off. It is probable, too, that the enginery of war shall become so deadly that no nation will dare incur the risk of the appeal to arms. Certainly, the time shall come in the higher civilization of the near future, let us hope of that twentieth century on whose very threshold we stand, when

"The warrior's name shall be a name abhorred!
And every nation that shall lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Shall wear for evermore the curse of Cain!

"Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, 'Peace!'

"Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of war's great organ shakes the skies!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise."

On India's Frontier.

There are some conditions under which for the present war seems inevitable. On the frontiers of civilization it seems that the barbaric races will only yield to the reign of law, order, and liberty when they feel the futility of savage war. Mr. Poulteney Bigelow has shown that throughout the White Man's Africa peace and prosperity now prevail, chiefly through the administration of Great Britain, instead of the tribal wars and massacres which deluged the soil with blood and piled cairns of skulls before the kraals of the headmen of petty tribes.

We are too far from the scene of the conflict in the Swat highlands to judge of the righteousness or the reverse of the war with the Afridis. Military men are sometimes too prone to appeal to the sword. Wise statesmanship, like that of Lord Elgin and Lord Dufferin, was often more successful with a policy of pacification. Certainly, it is a very sad necessity—if necessity it be—that costs the sacrifice of so many gallant British and

Indian soldiers, in conflict with the frontier tribes. The latter fight bravely in defence of their mountain homes, and we cannot but admire, while we pity, their misdirected valour. The British forces are withdrawing into winter quarters, after having inflicted severe punishment on the mountaineers at the lamentable cost of precious lives and great treasure. Let us hope that before the spring opens some means of pacifying the frontier without further shedding of blood may be found.

A Peace Policy.

On this side of the sea the promise of peace is brighter than at any time within the past two years. The long and harrowing guerilla war in Cuba seems about to give place to a Cuban autonomy. Whatever may be said of the jingo press of the United States, the action of the Executive has been in the interests of peace. At large cost the United States has maintained a fleet to prevent the landing of filibusters on the Cuban coast. President McKinley's message to Congress is dignified and peaceful, in striking contrast to the war message of President Cleveland of two years ago.

The visit of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Sir Louis Davies to Washington was received with kindliest courtesies, and, we believe, has measurably furthered the settlement of all the outstanding differences between the kindred nations in whose hands lies chiefly the development of this great continent.

Canada a Peacemaker.

The new nationalism of Canada has had marked development in these recent months. The Home Government, instead of making treaties with the United States to the prejudice of Canadian interests, has let Canada speak for herself. We believe that a policy of friendship and good-will, without surrendering the rights of Canada, will tend at once to knit more firmly the daughter to the Motherland, and, at the same time, remove causes of irritation and cement friendship with the United States. Thus will be fulfilled Kipling's lines,

> "Daughter I am in my mother's house,
> But mistress in my own."

The spirited address of the Hon. G. W. Ross on our relations with the Mother Country struck a chord which warmly responded throughout the Dominion. We no longer hear the sentiment which Tennyson rebuked long ago,

> "Too loyal is too costly ;
> Cut the bond and let them go."

We shall look for our commercial development to the great market of the world, to the grain exchanges of Mark Lane and Liverpool. If our American neighbours are wise enough to offer a reciprocal trade which it will be to our advantage to accept, we will gladly do so, and will be more likely to receive it by showing our ability to do without it.

At the same time, we cannot agree with Mr. Ross in urging a preferential tariff on Canadian breadstuffs in Great Britain. We think it unwise to ask the farmers of Dorset, and Devon, and Yorkshire, whose holdings have been so greatly lessened in value by the competition of Russia, Argentina and the United States, to admit a keener competition of Canadian grain. We think it unjust to expect the spinners of Lancashire, and the miners of Durham and Cornwall, who pay their full quota to the maintenance of the British army and navy, both in money and in flesh and blood, to tax their bread supply for the benefit of Canada, which enjoys the protection of the British ironclads and redcoats without a penny's expense.

The generous preferential tariff of Canada touched the heart of John Bull, and will lead to a vastly expanded commerce in Great Britain. The attempt to drive a bargain with him will be more likely to make him button up his pockets. In this respect, the utterance of Mr. Blake, though less popular than that of Mr. Ross, seems the more wise and statesmanlike.

Vice-Regal Functions.

Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Aberdeen have shown their profound interest in the social as well as political interests of Canada by their sojourns in such centres as Montreal, Toronto, Quebec, and visits to almost every part of the Dominion. Lady Aberdeen's devotion to the organizing of the Victorian Order of Nurses is beyond all praise. She seems to have overcome the objections raised, chiefly, we believe, through misapprehension of the organization, and to have won for it generous support. We find her advocating its interests in Toronto, Montreal, London, Boston, Chicago, and elsewhere.

Her Excellency has shown herself an admirable hostess in the numerous social

entertainments she has given in the places of her temporary sojourn, and an indefatigable visitor of the public institutions, hospitals and charities of the country.

It will be cause for regret when the period of Lord Aberdeen's Viceroyalty in Canada shall come to an end. His Excellency has made large investments in our country, and claims to be a thorough Canadian in his relation as taxpayer.

We have just one criticism to offer. We think it unfortunate that so many of the entertainments offered by their Excellencies—we allude to the numerous balls—are of a character which a large proportion of the Queen's most loyal subjects are prevented by their religious principles from accepting.

Another Link with the Motherland.

One more strand has been woven in the tie which knits us to our Motherland. The reduction of the ocean postage from ten to three cents per ounce will show the Home Government that Canada is determined to foster the commercial and social intercourse with Great Britain. This plucky exhibition of enterprise will doubtless produce a reciprocal reduction of postage on the part of Great Britain, and may lead before long to an international penny postage that shall more closely knit the Motherland with her forty colonies throughout the world.

Crime.

To judge from the newspapers, one would think that an epidemic of crime had burst out in Canada and the United States. Seldom have so many aggravated offences and misdemeanours been recorded as in the closing weeks of 1897. But the statistics of the year in this country show that the average has not been exceeded. The whole world has become a whispering gallery. A lynching in Louisiana, a suicide in Texas, or a murder in Manitoba, is recorded in the morning paper on the same page as a Ministerial crisis in Vienna, or a shipwreck on the Cornish coast. We thus see things out of perspective and receive a distorted vision.

This does not, however, entirely account for the prevalence of crime in the United States. One of the American bishops describes this as the judgment of God for national unfaithfulness. The banishment of the Bible from the schools ; the secularizing of the Sabbath by the Sunday paper and Sunday theatres and Sunday games ; the neglect of God's house ; the loosening of the bonds of morality by facile divorce ; the influx of illiterate and pauper foreign populations, and other evils, cannot but have their effect in breaking down the authority of God's law, which is the foundation of all morality. We need not pride ourselves in Canada for our exemption from many of these evils. We must learn to prevent their causes if we would escape the results. *Obsta principiis* is a wise motto in public policy as in private life.

Breaking a Butterfly.

The great German Empire does not emerge from the Haytian incident with much glory. Emil Leuders, a Haytian subject, son of a native mother and German father, forcibly arrests a Haytian policeman in discharge of his duty. For the second offence of the sort he is sentenced to imprisonment and the payment of a fine of five hundred dollars. The German *Chargè d'Affaires*, on Sunday, forces his way to the private room of the President and demands the release of Leuders, under penalty of five thousand dollars for every day's delay. The President resents his bullying manners and message, and refers him to the Minister of Foreign Affairs. Straightway the Emperor threatens "to teach these niggers manners," and sends an ironclad with the peremptory demand for thirty thousand dollars indemnity for Leuders, who had already been released, under threat of bombardment of the defenceless town. The black President, we think, appears with more credit in this incident than the white Emperor. The whole affair recalls Young's lines :

> "Ocean into tempest wrought
> To waft a feather or to drown a fly."

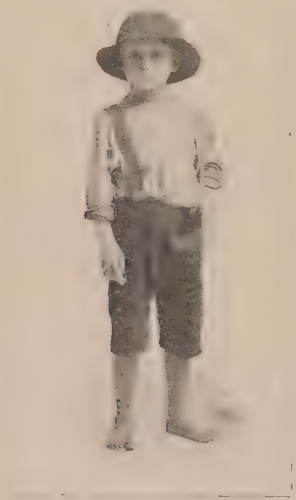
Czech and Slav.

The race riots in Prague are not a very happy omen of future harmony in Bohemia. The Czechs have always been a turbulent people. Their conflict with the Slavs and Germans is of ancient date. From the time of Ziska, who, according to tradition, bequeathed his skin to form a drum-head, they have made a good deal of noise in the world. In our Canadian Parliament, in less happy days than these, the race conflicts were not quite as bad, it is true, as those in the Austrian Reich-

stadt at Vienna, but of a similar unreasoning complexion. But even these are mild compared with the turbulent citizens of Prague who threw a couple of deputies out of the palace windows, and so began the Thirty Years' War.

Child Saving.

The Ontario Government and the Hon. J. M. Gibson, the author of "The Children's Charter," are to be congratulated on the success of that philanthropic enactment. Many scores of children who would otherwise be waifs and strays have been placed in happy homes, and are growing up useful citizens instead of a bane to society and menace to the commonweal. Through the co-operation of such local agencies as the Children's Aid Society, Toronto, the agency of the Rev. C. W. Watch, Brighton, and similar child-loving efforts, this good work is being carried on.



A WAIF WORTH SAVING.

Our cut shows the condition in which some of these little waifs reach the Children's Shelter at Toronto. Under kind and loving care, in a short time they are transformed into bright, intelligent and happy boys and girls, and many of them are adopted into Christian homes.

At the Toronto Children's Shelter there are a number of children now waiting adoption. The Secretary, Mr. J. Stuart Coleman, 32 Confederation Life Building, will be happy to furnish particulars and send a copy of the sixth annual report to any persons interested in this subject.

Henry George.

ONE WHO LOVED HIS FELLOW MEN.

The death of few plain, untitled men has called forth such expressions of admiration and regret on both sides of the sea as that of the late Henry George. Thousands who are not convinced of the efficacy of the Single Tax as a panacea for all the ills of the body politic, yield to none in their admiration of the man. His highest praise is: he loved his fellow-men. Amid obloquy and reproach and contumely, he persisted in his efforts to relieve the sorrows and brighten the lives of the great army of the poor. For this he has the esteem and gratitude of every lover of his kind.

HEAVEN.

Love lent me wings; my path was like a stair;
A lamp unto my feet, that sun was given;
And death was safety and great joy to find;
But dying now, I shall not climb to heaven.

—*Michael Angelo.*

THE PROHIBITION PLEBISCITE.

Principal Grant has won the gratitude of his countrymen for his eloquent assertion of a robust and manly Canadian national sentiment. As one of the foremost educationists and leading divines of the country he commands our respect. But Principal Grant has not, we think, had large experience in the pastorate, nor come into close and continued contact with the classes of the community who suffer most from the evils of intemperance. If he had, we think he would have a keener conception of how appalling these evils are, and a warmer sympathy with any effort to suppress that great sin against God, and crime against man, the organized liquor traffic.

With our judges reporting that three-fourths, or more, of the crime, pauperism, and wretchedness of the country is the result of strong drink ; with a sense of the moral debasement, the wreck and ruin of character and of home which result from this traffic, it seems to us that the first duty of society is to suppress this evil which, as Mr. Gladstone has affirmed, "has caused more suffering than war, pestilence or famine." This is not a problem for academic discussion, but for immediate and practical solution.

It may be true that the practical prohibition of strong drink among the Moslems has not regenerated society in Moslem lands, but the habit of opium and hashish eating has largely taken the place of the drink habit. If the latter were also added, their native brutality would be ten-fold enhanced.

It is cause for gratitude—no thanks to the liquor traffic and its agents, but in spite of them—that intemperance in Canada is less than in the United States, with its large foreign population from the slums of Naples, Hamburg, and Cracow. But anyone engaged in philanthropic work in our towns and cities knows that an appalling amount of wretchedness still results from the use of strong drink.

The Maine law may not have entirely prevented the use of liquor among the sailors and longshore men of Portland, and the lumberers of Bangor, any more than the laws against theft or murder have prevented these crimes in Canada ; but, with all respect, the veteran Neal Dow is a better authority on this subject than even Principal Grant. From Neal Dow's testimony before the Royal Commission on the liquor traffic at Montreal, in 1892, the following extract is taken :

I suppose there is no State in the Union where more liquor was consumed in proportion to the population than in Maine. That arose very largely from the fact of two great industries being carried on there—one being the lumber trade, which you all know about in Canada, and the other being the fisheries, which you also know about here. The lumbermen were employed in the woods during the winter cutting down the trees, and drink would form a regular part of their rations ; and the fishermen had rum as a regular part of their rations. The result was that poverty and pauperism were with the people of Maine. An immense quantity of liquor was consumed there.

There were a great many distilleries in the State, seven of them were in Portland, and two breweries. They made rum from molasses imported in large quantities from the West Indies ; they made whiskey from potatoes, and some of them made apple-jack, or brandy, from apples. Now there is not a distillery or brewery in Maine, and there has not been one for a good many years.

At that time large quantities of West India rum were imported. This rum came to us by the cargo. A great many cargoes were received every year, and it was a regular trade. A large fleet of vessels was regularly employed in the West India trade. They took fish and lumber out and brought back molasses, which was converted into rum ; and also West India rum. Now, there is not one puncheon of rum imported into Maine, and there has not been any imported for very many years.

The result of the change has been this : that while Maine was undoubtedly one of the poorest States in the Union in the olden time, it is now one of the most prosperous. The volume of the liquor traffic is greatly reduced. The savings of the people from that traffic are such that the State has become very flourishing.

It is quite safe to say that the quantity of liquor sold in Maine now is not one-twentieth as much as it was before the law was passed. It is quite within the mark to make that statement. Portland is the largest city in the State, and it is within the truth to say that the quantity of liquor sold there now is not one-hundredth of what it was before. Now whatever liquor is sold there, is sold on a very small scale, and on the sly.

The liquor traffic is not entirely excluded from Maine ; but it is safe to say that in more than three-fourths of our territory, containing more than three-fourths of the

population, the liquor traffic is practically extinguished. In all the rural districts and smaller towns and villages, there are no grog-shops and no liquor traffic. A whole generation has grown up without having seen the effects of liquor, and there are men and women who have never seen a drunken man.

"We may have in Canada," Mr. Spence well remarks, "even more effective prohibition than there is in Maine."

In Maine the drink habit is under ban. A whole generation has grown up, few of whom have ever seen an open saloon, and who are in no danger of forming the drink habit at the low dives which lurk in secret places. Maine, from being one of the poorest of the States in the Union, is now, relatively, one of the wealthiest, and has far more money in its savings banks than many of the larger and more populous States.

Science Notes.

The Extent of the Universe.

Professor Simon Newcomb has delivered an interesting address on the "Problems of Astronomy" at the dedication of the Flower Observatory, University of Pennsylvania. It is printed in full in *Science*. We take from it the following passage:

I have seldom felt a more delicious sense of repose than when, crossing the ocean during the summer months, I sought a place where I could lie alone on the deck, look up at the constellations, with Lyra near the zenith, and, while listening to the clank of the engine, try to calculate the hundreds of millions of years which would be required by our ship to reach the star α Lyræ, if she could continue her course in that direction without ever stopping. It is a striking example of how easily we may fail to realize our knowledge when I say that I have thought many a time how deliciously one might pass those hundred millions of years in a journey to the star α Lyræ, without its occurring to me that we are actually making that very journey at a speed compared with which the motion of the steamship is slow indeed.

Through every year, every hour, every minute, of human history from the first appearance of man on earth, from the era of the builders of the pyramids, through the times of Cæsar and Hannibal, through the period of every event that history records, not merely our earth, but the sun and the whole solar system with it, have been speeding their way towards the star of which I speak on a journey of which we know neither the beginning nor the end. During every clock-beat through which humanity has existed it has moved on this journey by an amount which we cannot specify more exactly than to say that it is probably between five and nine miles per second. We are at this moment thousands of miles nearer to α Lyræ than we were a few minutes ago when I began this discourse, and through every future moment for untold thousands of years to come the earth and all there is on it will be nearer to α Lyræ, or nearer to the place were that star now is, by hundreds of miles for every minute of time come and gone.

When shall we get there? Probably in less than a million years, perhaps in half a million. We cannot tell exactly, but get there we must, if the laws of nature and the laws of motion continue as they are. To attain to the stars was the seemingly vain wish of the philosopher, but the whole human race is, in a certain sense, realizing the wish as rapidly as a speed of six or eight miles a second can bring it about.

I have called attention to this motion because it may in the not distant future afford the means of approximating to a solution of the problem already mentioned—that of the extent of the universe. Notwithstanding the success of astronomers during the present century in measuring the parallax of a number of stars, the most recent investigations show that there are very few, perhaps hardly more than a score of stars of which the parallax and therefore the distance has been determined with any approach to certainty.

Many parallaxes, determined by observers about the middle of the century, have had to disappear before the powerful tests applied by measures with the heliometer, others have been greatly reduced, and the distances of the stars increased in proportion. So far as meas-

urement goes, we can only say of the distances of all stars, except the few whose parallaxes have been determined, that they are immeasurable.

The radius of the earth's orbit, a line more than 90,000,000 miles in length, not only vanishes from sight before we reach the distance of the great mass of stars, but becomes such a mere point that, when magnified by the powerful instruments of modern times, the most delicate appliances fail to make it measurable. Here the solar motion comes to our help. This motion, by which, as I have said, we are carried unceasingly through space, is made evident by a motion of most of the stars in the opposite direction, just as, passing through a country on a railway, we see the houses on the right and on the left being left behind us. It is clear enough that the apparent motion will be more rapid the nearer the object. We may, therefore, form some idea of the distance of the stars when we know the amount of the motion. It is found that in the great mass of stars of the sixth magnitude, the smallest visible to the naked eye, the motion is about three seconds per century. As a measure thus stated does not convey an accurate conception of the magnitude to one not practiced in the subject, I would say that, in the heavens, to the ordinary eye, a pair of stars will appear single unless they are separated by a distance of 150 or 200 seconds. Let us then imagine ourselves looking at a star of the sixth magnitude, which is at rest while we are carried past it with the motion of six or eight miles per second which I have described. Mark its position in the heavens as we see it to-day; then let its position again be marked 5,000 years hence. A good eye will just be able to perceive that there are two stars marked instead of one. The two would be so close together that no distinct space between them could be perceived by unaided vision. It is due to the magnifying power of the telescope, enlarging such small apparent distances that the motion has been determined in so small a period as the 150 years during which accurate observations of the stars have been made.

Deep Sea Diving.

It has heretofore been difficult for divers to work at very great depths on account of the immense pressure of the water. We learn from the *Scientific American* that Mr. W. W. Gordon, of Australia, has invented a submarine armour which renders this possible. In the Clyde in November, 1897, Mr. W. R. Walker, wearing this new armour, walked about the bottom at 31 fathoms, or 186 feet. He was under the water for fifty minutes, during which he was subjected to a pressure of over eighty pounds to the square inch, buton coming up he was quite fresh.

The invention is a dress which in itself withstands the tremendous pressure of great depths, enabling the diver to breathe a normal air pressure. It is in effect a suit of armour which defies all assaults, yet enables the wearer to move about with the utmost ease. The most important part is the helmet, which descends to the waist in one piece of solid copper, and weighs no less than 2½ cwt., while the dress weighs 5 cwt. The arms and lower half of the dress consist of a series of spiral springs covered with waterproof material, which at the same time gives strength and mobility. These springs are made of delta metal—a phosphor bronze of immense strength. Fresh air is pumped in through a tube, while the foul air escapes through another. A telephone enables the diver to communicate with the surface at will.

OUR CURRENT STORIES.

The new subscriptions to the Methodist Magazine and Review have come in so fast that the November and December numbers are entirely exhausted. We regret therefore that we are unable from this date to furnish these back numbers. We present, therefore, the following synopses of our current stories, that our readers may understand the connection with the previous chapters.

"Rhoda Roberts."

The writer of this story is a Methodist local preacher, whose "Methodist Idylls," just completed in the *Methodist Times*, have won him marked name and fame in Great Britain. The *Methodist Recorder*, the *Christian World* and the *Methodist Times* give very high commendation to the story of "Rhoda Roberts" as a strong, healthy, noble tale, giving true

and vivid pictures of Methodist life in the Old Land. The outline of the chapters already published is briefly as follows :

Seth Roberts is a Methodist local preacher ; his daughter, Rhoda Roberts, is the village schoolmistress, with whom Dick Fowler, a young Methodist miner, is very much in love. He has a rival in Mr. Edward Trethyn, son and heir of the mine owner, whose father, for mercenary reasons, wishes him to marry the daughter and heiress of his neighbour, Sir Charles Montgomery. The Methodist miners ask the Squire to sell the site for the chapel, which he scornfully refuses. The sturdy colliers resent this feudal tyranny, and demand the sale under menace of a strike.

Stephen Grainger, the mine agent, exasperates the Squire both against the miners and against his son, who is endeavoring to act as peacemaker between them. The harsh replies of the Squire lead to a riot of the miners, in which the agent's house is burned, and Squire Trethyn is found mysteriously killed. Grainger procures the arrest of Edward Trethyn, who had had high words with his father, and charges him with the murder.

In his exasperation at his son, Squire Trethyn had left his estate to his nephew, Arthur Trethyn, supposed to be in Australia, and Grainger, a stern, hard man, is put in full management of the estate and mines. Young Edward Trethyn escapes, by the aid of Rhoda Roberts, from prison, and takes refuge for the time in the house of Seth Roberts, her father. Rhoda, who refused to marry the young heir while his father was living, now that he is impoverished and a fugitive under ban of the law, confesses her love. Edward has a secret interview with his mother, who is also convinced of his innocence. Meanwhile, suspicion falls upon Stephen Grainger of the murder of the Squire, and Mr. Carlyle, a shrewd Scotland Yard detective, comes upon his track. Grainger grows to be more than ever stern and cruel. His oppression of the tenants and miners becomes almost unendurable.

Intelligence is brought to his mother that Mr. Edward Trethyn is drowned, and Arthur Trethyn, the scapegrace nephew, turns up as heir to the estate. At this point Chapter XVIII. takes up the story.

"In His Steps."

This story was preached as a series of Sunday evening sermons to his congregation by the Rev. Charles Sheldon. The synopsis of the early chapters is as follows :

The Rev. Henry Maxwell is writing his sermon from the text. "For hereunto were ye called ; because Christ also suffered for you, leaving you an example, that ye should follow his steps," when he is interrupted by the call of a poor tramp, whom he is unable to help. On Sunday, after the sermon, the same tramp rises in the church, tells his story of unsuccessful search for work, and appeals, not for himself, but for others in similar need, closing with the words, "But what would Jesus do ? Is that what you mean by following his steps ?" Then he falls down in a fainting fit, is carried to the parsonage, and in a few days dies.

The Rev. Henry Maxwell, deeply impressed with the man's appeal, calls a meeting of his people, and asks for volunteers who will pledge themselves earnestly and honestly for an entire year not to do anything without first asking the question, "What would Jesus do ?" A number of the leading members of the church respond. Among them are Edward Norman, editor of the Raymond *Daily News ;* Alexander Powers, superintendent of the railway works ; Donald Marsh, president of Lincoln College ; Milton Wright, a leading merchant and manufacturer ; Dr. West, a clever surgeon ; Jasper Chase, an author ; Miss Virginia Page, a millionaire heiress, and Rachel Winslow, the leading soprano of his choir.

Edward Norman determines to edit the *Daily News* as he thinks Jesus would do it. Out go the press report of the great prize fight, the whiskey and tobacco advertisements, and the Sunday edition is stopped. The foreman printer thinks the editor has gone crazy ; the newsboys and public echo his sentiment. Subscriptions and advertisements fall off ; but the paper becomes a moral power in the community.

Here the current number takes up this stirring story.

In addition to the splendid programme of articles for The Methodist Magazine and Review for 1898 we are able to announce two additional papers of special interest. One by Rev. Dr. Reynar, of Victoria University, on "The New Woman and the True Woman," and another by Professor Chant, of Toronto University, on a seeming contradiction, "Invisible Light."

Book Notices.

Across the Sub-Arctics of Canada. A Journey of 3,200 miles by Canoe and Snowshoe through the Barren Lands. By J. W. Tyrrell, C.E., D.L.S. With Illustrations from Photographs taken on the Journey, and from drawings by Arthur Heming. Methodist Book-Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. 8vo. Price, $1.50.

The Brothers Tyrrell have the honour of having made the most extensive tour through previously unexplored territory ever undertaken in Canada. It was one wisely projected and successfully accomplished, though not without great hardship and, at times, extreme peril. To the powers of trained scientific observation of the author is added that of vivid description. This book is one of fascinating interest and permanent value.

It is somewhat of a surprise to find in these barren lands of sub-arctic Canada great herds of reindeer, many thousands in number. The photograph of one of these herds, whose branching antlers give the impression of a small forest, vindicates the description of the author from any charge of exaggeration. Mr. Tyrrell gives a very pleasing account of the Eskimo whom he met in his northern journey. They impress us as a gentle, honest, docile, brave and ingenious people. Their struggle for existence is one continuous battle with frost and snow and arctic seas. The chapters on these ingenious people, their character and customs, are among the most interesting in the volume.

As a mere record of adventure, of imminent peril and hair-breadth escapes, of hunting polar bears, and taking a winter tramp of a thousand miles, we know no narrative of more absorbing character. The numerous illustrations, excellent maps and handsome binding make this one of the handsomest volumes ever issued from our connexional press.

Spain in the Nineteenth Century. By Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 8vo, pp. 441, illustrated. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $2.50.

All writers who know the value of Mrs. Latimer's Nineteenth Century Series will regret that this is the last of them. She has rendered very important service to all students of history by this series. Of the present volume she well remarks: "There are many excellent books which tell us about Spain in the days of her glory—about Ferdinand and Isabella, the Expulsion of the Moors, the Peninsular War; but there seems to be nowhere a continuous history of this period."

This is, on the whole, a rather sad story. "The history of Spain since she sank from wealth and greatness into a second-rate, impoverished power," says our author, "is one continued tangle of revolutions—all seeming to end nowhere and in nothing." Yet it has several prominent points of great interest which rise like mountain peaks from a dim chaos. These she points out and enables us to triangulate therefrom the intervening levels. She attributes to the Spanish Inquisition the deterioration which has taken place in the Spanish character. It has restricted the intellectual development of the nation, and made its people "rush recklessly from anarchical liberty to absolute despotism, and *vice versa*."

"The lion in the skin of a fox" is the phrase which our author quotes from Napoleon himself, describing his subtle and sinister character in Spanish politics. The Spanish orators are very proud of their victories over Napoleon, but they seem to forget that they were won through the help of Wellington. The three Carlist Wars, the Spanish Marriages, the discreditable career of Queens Christina and Isabella II., and the pathetic story of King Alfonso XII. and his little son, the present king of Spain, born after his father's death, are all lucidly recorded. As far as possible, the tangled story of the Spanish-American colonists is unravelled, and an impartial account of the Cuban revolutions is given. The author thinks the annexation of Cuba would be a disaster to the United States.

Nowhere else that we know can one find such an interesting and instructive *résumé* of Spanish history during the century, and character studies of its distinguished men, like Castelar, the Republican patriot, Zumalacarregui, the Carlist leader, and others who have emerged on the crest of these stormy waves. This handsome volume is illustrated by twenty-three full-page portraits.

The Potter's Wheel. By IAN MACLAREN (Rev. John Watson, D.D.). Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co. Wm. Briggs. Montreal: C. W. Coates. Halifax: S. F. Huestis. Pp. 209. Price, $1.00.

It is fortunate that this little book is written by one who has already attained an enviable reputation in the world of letters, otherwise it might not have the circulation it deserves. It merits a large circle of readers. It has a definite message for men and women, who through personal experience or observation, have been brought face to face with the great problems of human suffering and sorrow.

Starting out with the figure of "The Potter's Wheel," our author discusses questions of such universal interest as Broken Homes, Trials of Faith, Vexatious Children, Vanishing Illusions, the Problem of Personal Suffering, Death, and the Conscious Existence of Our Departed Friends. We have sixteen brief chapters in all, covering a wide area of speculation and experience. Too much is attempted, within brief limits, to admit of exhaustive treatment, and the reader who looks for profound philosophical essays is doomed to disappointment. The message of this charming volume is to the *heart*. This statement must not be interpreted to mean that the intelligence is not appealed to, for it is, and often in a very convincing manner. But the appeal is oftener to that noble instinct which welcomes the truth about God, an instinct which transcends mere logic and lays hold upon eternal verities with an unfaltering grasp.

One is tempted to quote from "The Potter's Wheel," the literary character of which bears favourable comparison with the other published works from Dr. Watson's pen. Writing of "Broken Homes," our author beautifully says: "People who are strong and busy and successful and glad—who have never been chastened in their hearts—are apt to take shallow and trifling views of life. They do not see clearly because of the glare of the sunshine in the room, so that they might pass a crucifixion without notice." Treating of "The World—Sorrow," Ian Maclaren declares that, "It were better to believe in no God than a cruel or indifferent God who would not lift a hand although the world were filled with blood and tears. . . . The worst heretics are those who have no difficulty about the government of the world because they have comfortable homes and have suffered no wrongs." Though the book is splendidly optimistic in tone, the optimism is always sane and wholesome. "It is a shallow optimism," he contends, "that would take a rose-coloured view of the world, whose moan ought ever to be in our ears. It is an inexcusable pessimism that denies the progress of the race with the centuries."

If you have known sorrow, if the waters of affliction are breaking upon you, read this book. If your friend is tormented with doubts or distressed with grief, give him "The Potter's Wheel," and pray that it be a benediction to him.

S. P. R.

A History of Our Own Times, from 1880 to the Diamond Jubilee. By JUSTIN MCCARTHY, M.P. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Bros. Toronto: William Briggs.

It is easier to obtain a well digested history of the Crusades or the Reformation in England than of recent times. Hence the value of the service rendered by Mr. McCarthy in completing his History of Our Own Times. This volume embraces the important period of the last twenty years. Of course, in treating the subjects which have been discussed with such passionate earnestness, and in which men's tempers are not yet cool—as "Home Rule in Ireland," "Parnellism and Crime," "The South African Question," and the like—there will be difference of opinion as to the strictness of equilibrium with which the writer holds the historic scales. Some of the most reliable pages are the author's character sketches of such men as Joseph Chamberlain, Gladstone, Beaconsfield, Lord Salisbury, Parnell, Manning, Newman, Spurgeon, Morley, Rosebery, Harcourt, and Balfour. The book is full of vivacity, is well indexed, and contains fifteen portraits of the makers of England of these later days.

Evangeline. A Tale of Acadia. By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. With illustrations by Violet Oakley and Jessie Willcox Smith. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $2.50.

Longfellow's tender and touching story of Evangeline is of special interest to Canadian readers. The spell of the poet has made the meadows of Grand Pre, Blomidon's Height, and the Gaspereau Valley Canadian classic ground. The beautiful setting of the story in this volume is worthy of the theme. The bold print, wide margins, and the full-

page illustrations in colour have caught the very spirit of the scene and its story. Miss Alice Longfellow, the poet's daughter, gives an interesting account of the writing of the poem. This will be an admirable holiday gift book.

The Man with the Book, or Memoirs of "John Ross of Brucefield." By ANNA ROSS. Toronto: R. G. McLean and William Briggs. Price, $1.00.

The Rev. John Ross, of Brucefield, was a strongly marked personality. He was a typical Scot in shrewdness, in strength of character, and in persistence of will. He was early the subject of divine grace, and took an intense interest in the Disruption controversy which waged in his early years. Coming to Canada, he entered Knox College, and won the life-long esteem of its professors. He soon received a call to Brucefield, where he ministered to a loving and beloved people for nearly two-score years. It is evidence of his strong convictions that he was one of the very few who, with the congregation he represented, declined to enter into the union of the Presbyterian churches in this country.

The impression given by these pages is that of a man of Knox-like fearlessness of character, nobleness of thought, and purity of life. He well-deserved the title, "The Man with the Book." He was a close and thorough student of the Bible, and with singular aptitude applies his teachings in every-day life. We are not convinced of the correctness of his theory of the millennium, that there are three comings of our Lord. Such a consecrated life is a benediction to Canada, and is one of those elements which makes it what it is to-day.

Studies in Comparative Theology. Six lectures delivered by REV. GEO. H. TREVER, PH.D., D.D., Milwaukee, Wis., before the students of Lawrence University, Appleton, Wis. Cincinnati: Curts & Jennings. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.20.

Comparative Theology is a new department of science, but a very important one. It demonstrates the incomparable superiority of the Jewish and Christian religions over the other historic religions of the world. It shows how the nations,

> Groping blindly in the darkness
> For some good they comprehend not,
> Touch God's right hand in the darkness
> And are lifted up and strengthened.

God has not left Himself without a witness even in the dark places of the earth. But, as our author puts it, what comparison is there between "the candle of Asia and the sun of the world? Similarly he contrasts Zoroaster, the founder of the Parsee faith, with Moses, the Law-Giver of Israel.

An interesting chapter is that on "the religion of Abraham's boyhood home," with its Chaldean Polytheism and manifold idolatries. "The Sphinx's cry for light" sets forth the aspiration of the ancient Egyptians for spiritual illumination. Of great practical importance is the final chapter on "The Voice of the Gospel to Other Religions."

Life and Letters of Harriet Beecher Stowe. Edited by ANNIE FIELDS. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Pp. 406. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $2.00.

Mrs. Stowe was no less charming as a person than as a writer. She was one of the chief moral forces for the abolition of African slavery in America. Her great story touched the heart and conscience of the nation and made emancipation possible. The success of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has overshadowed the merits of her other works. Her "Agnes of Sorrento," "The Minister's Wooing," "The Pearl of Orr's Island," and the tale of "Dred" would in themselves give a distinguished reputation to any writer.

In Mrs. Field's charming volume we get a revelation of Mrs. Stowe's personal and inner life, of her genial vein of humour, her sweet and sunny disposition, of her intense hatred of wrong and oppression, of her deeply religious spirit, and of her warm domestic affections. Her life was not without its sorrows and bereavements, but it was consecrated to high and holy service of God and of man. It is a sweet face that looks at us from the frontispiece, a type of the genial character depicted in these pages. We purpose making Mrs. Stowe in the near future the subject of a character sketch in this magazine.

The Lady's Walk. By MRS. OLIPHANT. London: Methuen & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company, Limited.

Mrs. Oliphant exhibits in several of her writings a fondness for discussing the problems of the border-land between this world of sense and the unseen world of spirits. Such is her story of "Little Lady Mary," and such is the motive of the present story. "The Lady's Walk"

was a tree-lined avenue near Ellermore, where the footsteps of the guardian saint of the family were often heard, and her ghostly presence sometimes seen. This story of Scottish life, and of the tragic fate of the heir and hope of the house, is told with absorbing interest. It is strange that such a classic writer as Mrs. Oliphant should indulge in such solecisms as "Neither her nor me could do it—neither her nor me;" and again, "Don't think it's him;" and "It's only him." We know that nice customs must courtesy to great kings, but even great writers should obey the laws of language.

Seven Puzzling Books of the Bible. By the Rev. Dr. Gladden. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs.

Dr. Washington Gladden is a man whose name is growing on our age in his marked influence and personality. He is not rated among higher critics in philology, though in very close alliance with them. He does not pose as a scholar, but as a practical Christian, having the same practical aim now as led him some years ago to write "Applied Christianity," and since then various works on social questions. From his pulpit in Columbus, Ohio, he has recently been striving to remove difficulties in the minds of thoughtful hearers on certain books of the Bible. The substance of these discourses is now given in the bright, attractive volume before us.

In this work are views which may startle some, but will not take by surprise scholarly students of the Old Testament. The ethical teachings of the books discussed are presented with much interest, while larger concessions are made to the view of errancy in Scripture than most intelligent readers will be prepared to admit. W. I. S.

His Grace of Osmonde. Being the portions of that Nobleman's Life Omitted in the Relation of his Lady's Story presented to the World of Fashion under the title of "A Lady of Quality." By Frances Hodgson Burnett. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Price, $1.50.

We regret that we cannot commend this latest work of this accomplished writer. The pen that gave us the beautiful creation of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," could be better employed than in portraying the coarse society of the Restoration and Times of James II., William III. and Anne. We suppose the portraiture is correct, but the subject is an unpleasant and unedifying one.

Uncle Bernac. A Memory of the Empire. By A. Conan Doyle. London: George Bell & Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.25.

None of our modern writers surpasses, we think none of them equals, Dr. Conan Doyle for the painstaking accuracy and fidelity to the facts and spirit of history in his stories. In his latest narrative we have a vivid picture of the menace of Great Britain by Napoleon when he gathered a great army at Boulogne for the invasion of England. Not only is the narrative one of absorbing interest, but from it one gains a conception of the greatness and meanness of the arch-despot of Europe. While recognizing his military genius, the author describes the base personal character of the man Napoleon. His treatment of his officers, his wife, and ladies of the court, resemble more the character of an oriental despot of the Byzantine empire than of a ruler of the nineteenth century.

Karma. A Story of Early Buddhism. By Dr. Paul Carus. Third Oriental Art Edition. Printed and Illustrated in Japan. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company. Crêpe paper, tied in silk. Price, 75 cents.

This is a very quaint and beautiful booklet with the artistic coloured pictures of Japanese designs. These are decidedly an artistic and literary curiosity. It has been translated into English, French, German and Russian.

The Little Lump of Clay, and Other Addresses to Young People. By Rev. H. W. Shrewsbury. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 50 cents.

Preaching to young people is one of the most difficult kinds of preaching. Yet if it be well done no kind is more useful to both children and adults. It is gratifying to find such an admirable volume by a Wesleyan minister issued from the press of a standard Scottish publisher. The author selects some of the most striking texts of Scripture and uses them as golden nails fastened in sure places by the Master of Assemblies.

Theory of Physics. By Joseph S. Ames, Ph.D. New York: Harper & Bros. 8vo, pp. xviii–511. Toronto: William Briggs.

In this volume are summed up the latest results of science in the department of physics. It treats briefly Matter and its Properties, Conservation of Matter, and more fully Mechanics and Properties of Matter, as kinematics, dynamics, etc., sound, heat, light, electricity, and magnetism. The latter subject has been almost created within a very few years, so manifold are its recent developments. The book is adapted rather for the class student than the general reader, the mathematical formulæ and diagrams being especially useful for the elucidation of these subjects.

The Christ Brotherhood. By Louis Albert Banks, D.D. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.20.

We are glad to see the increasing use made by Methodist preachers of the press. Dr. Banks had reached a large and appreciative audience—if we may use that word—through his previous volumes of printed sermons. But sermons, to stand this test, must be readable and not the least soporific. Such eminently are Dr. Banks'. They are filled with the very marrow and fatness of the Gospel, and in appropriate illustration are models of their kind.

The Choir Invisible. By James Lane Allen. Toronto: George N. Morang. Cloth, $1 25; paper, 75c.

This is a strongly written book which describes life in Kentucky a hundred years ago, shortly after the treaty with England had ceded the Ohio valley and put an end to the long and cruel Indian wars. In mental analysis it resembles Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter." But John Gray, the frontier school-teacher, wrestled with his great temptation and overcame it. It is a story of affection that hopes and endures and is patient, and is made the purer and holier by trial and disappointment. Thus are its characters fitted to join "The Choir Invisible."

Quo Vadis. A narrative of the time of Nero. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Translated from the Polish by Jeremiah Curtin. Toronto: George N. Morang. Cloth, $1.50; paper, 75c.

The title of this book is taken from a legend that the apostle Peter, fleeing from Rome to escape martyrdom, was met by our Saviour, and addressed Him in the words, "Domine, Quo Vadis," "Lord, whither goest thou." To whom our Lord replied, "I go to Rome to be crucified again." The apostle was so conscience-stricken that he went back to the scene of persecution, and ended his life with glorious martyrdom. It is one of the most realistic pictures of that old Roman life of mingled luxury and poverty, of pagan vice and Christian saintliness, of bitter persecution and heroic endurance, that we have ever read. Indeed, the portrayal of that old pagan life, its cruelty and wrong, is almost harrowing in its reality.

Literary Notes.

The Copp, Clark Company, Toronto, in connection with Adam and Charles Black, London, issue an admirable series of Sir Walter Scott's novels in twenty-five volumes at the low price of $12.50 for the set. They are well printed and indexed with notes and with a few illustrations. These are printed from the same plates as the well-known Centenary Edition, which was published for $31.25. This set is well adapted for holiday presents or libraries.

This Little World. By David Christie Murray. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Limited. London: Chatto & Windus. Price, $1.25.

The Builders. By J. S. Fletcher, author of "When Charles the First was King." London: Methuen & Co., 36 Essex Street, W.C.; Toronto: Copp, Clark Company.

The School for Saints. Part of the history of the Right Honourable Robert Orange, M.P. By John Oliver Hobbes. 12mo, pp. 514. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

Yet all that I have learn'd (hugh toyles now past)
By long experience, and in famous schooles,
Is but to know my ignorance at last;
Who think themselves most wise are greayest fools.
—*William, Earl of Stirling.*

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OF RELIGION

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

Wesleyan Methodist.

The missionary report for the past year reached us lately. The income amounts to $638,292, besides $188,648 on account of the debt, and also the Famine Fund in India near $5,000. The Woman's Auxiliary is $67,000.

The missions in London, Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, Leeds and elsewhere give increasing evidence of their utility. The largest halls and other buildings are not only crowded to their utmost capacity, but in many instances hundreds cannot obtain even standing room. This is especially the case at West London, where St. James' Hall is sometimes crowded an hour before the service. Few Sabbaths pass without conversions.

The Band of Hope Jubilee has been celebrated with great *éclat* throughout England. Rev. Dr. Jenkins preached the Jubilee sermon in Wesley's Chapel, City Road, London. There are in all 2,852,924 members as a result of fifty years' toil. An attempt is being made to secure a Jubilee Permanent Fund of $125,000.

Quiet Days for the deepening of spiritual life have been held in several places. This we regard as a favorable sign of the times. Holiness is power. Time was when Methodists were almost alone in their advocacy of this grand subject, but other churches are now becoming equally zealous in the propagation of this truth. Quiet days may be regarded as essential for the development of personal holiness, because public demands are so pressing that it is not easy to find time for Holiness Conventions.

The New Bolton Mission has been inaugurated. Property has been purchased to build a hall on the lines of the "Central" at Manchester. The cost of the property and building will be $92,000. Mr. Walker, J.P., has given $50,000 and Mr. J. Barber $5,000.

The Manchester Mission has now 12,000 in its Sunday congregations; 3,700 persons "meet in class," 1,300 men and women in Bible classes; 600 volunteer workers, 2,500 Sunday-school scholars; 1,500 children attending children's services; 2,000 members of the Band of Hope; 500 mothers are members of the mothers' meetings. The social agencies comprise homes for men, labour yard, food depot, employment bureau, servants' registry, preventive home for girls, medical union, night shelter for women, and free breakfasts for poor children.

Methodist Episcopal.

California Conference has a Japanese district with ten appointments supplied by Chinese ministers.

A beautiful church was dedicated in Bloomsburg, Central Pennsylvania Conference, September 19th, the cost of which was $55,000; all was provided on that day.

The Board of Church Extension at its annual meeting asked for the sum of $305,225, to be raised by the Annual Conferences.

The amount asked for on behalf of the Missionary Society for the year 1897-98 is $1,500,000.

There are 6,000 students in the college classes and 25,000 in the preparatory classes. The college equipment of the church is valued at $11,500,000, and the productive endowment reaches $7,500,000.

Bishop Foss and Rev. Dr. Goucher are visiting the Conferences and the work generally in India.

The Wesleyan Missions in Germany have been annexed to the Conference of the M. E. Church in that country. There are now more Methodists in Germany than there were in the M. E. Church at the close of the first thirty years of its existence.

Bishop Taylor has closed his missionary tour in South Africa, and by the time these notes are printed he will have returned to the United States, via London, Eng.

Seven hundred and fifty orphans have been secured and are being trained in the Mission Orphanage, India.

A Rest Home has been established at Ocean Grove by the Woman's Home Missionary Society. In sixteen years

about $750,000 worth of supplies have been sent to needy ministers.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society collected last year $313,937, being an increase of $28,113.

Messrs. Grant and Fowler have presented property in Chile, S.A., to the Missionary Society, valued at $200,000. Mr. Fowler also donated $1,140, which he had loaned to carry on the work of the Society.

The indebtedness of the Missionary Society is $186,143.79. Attempts are being made to obtain subscriptions of $20 each toward the entire liquidation. The Bishops have subscribed $100 each, and it is hoped that a sufficient amount will be obtained for the purpose.

The lepers in the asylum at Asansol, Bengal, India, requested to be allowed to contribute towards the payment of the missionary debt, and as they had no way of earning money they saved it out of their allowance of food.

Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

The Church has grown since the war from 700,000 to 1,500,000.

The Woman's Missionary Society in Virginia Conference raised $7,116.23, and the Rosebuds—the children—raised $5,291.

The Japan Conference reports as follows: Members, 559, a net gain of 17; Sunday-schools, 64; scholars, 1,554.

One of the preachers in Texas was offered by a Northern firm $75 a week to do newspaper work in Mexico, but he declined, though his salary for preaching is only $250 per year.

The Missionary Society has sustained a great loss in the death of its Treasurer, T. B. Holt, Esq., who died while attending Texas Conference.

Christianity in its various aspects has found much favour in Korea. In 1892 the wife of the Korean Minister to foreign countries connected herself with the Presbyterian Church.

The next General Conference is to be held at Baltimore, May 1898. Professor Davidson is the fraternal delegate from the English Conference, and Principal Sparling, of Wesley College, Winnipeg, Manitoba, will bear the greetings of Canada Methodism to the Southern Church.

The Methodist Church.

Rev. Messrs. Crossley and Hunter, after two years' successful labours in the Maritime Conferences, have returned to the West. Our religious exchanges speak in commendatory terms respecting these brethren and the good that has been accomplished through their instrumentality.

Another calamity has befallen our brethren in the East. This time the fine church in Moncton, N.B., is destroyed. The church was being heated for a missionary lecture to be delivered by the Rev. Dr. Henderson, and somehow the building became enveloped in flames, and before it could be extinguished the fine organ and most of the edifice were destroyed.

Rev. Dr. Henderson has been spending several weeks in Newfoundland, then he returned to Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, and before returning home at Christmas spent one Sunday each at Quebec and Montreal. The people everywhere have given him a royal reception. He is booked for missionary services until the end of April.

A new church was dedicated at St. Thomas, November 28th, when the General Superintendent, Rev. Dr. Carman, and the President of Toronto Conference, Rev. Dr. Stone, officiated. The financial results were highly satisfactory.

The efforts of our young people in their Epworth League and other societies in helping the missionary cause are being crowned with great success. During the last few months, Rev. J. A. Jackson, M.D., was sent to Bella Bella to labour among the Indians; next Rev. D. Norman went to Japan, and now Rev. Dr. Ewan and his wife are on their way to China. They will both labour as medical missionaries among the Celestials. The brethren already named will be largely supported by the Epworth Leagues' Missionary Department.

Evangelistic services have been successfully held in very many places. Rev. A. J. Ranton, after labouring at Tweed and other places in Bay of Quinte Conference, proceeded to Newmarket, then to Toronto and laboured for three weeks in McCaul Street, and will conduct a series of evangelistic services at Berkeley Street, Bathurst Street and Avenue Road churches.

Mr. McHardy has conducted very successful services at Southampton, Dundalk

and other places. Rev. Arthur Browning spent some weeks at Meaford, and was encouraged with the results of his labours. Other brethren and sisters who are in the evangelistic field have been usefully employed.

Methodist New Connexion.

Leeds, Yorks, stands first in the Connexion in the amount it contributes to the Mission Fund. At the late anniversary two missionaries from China were present, Rev. John Innocent, President of Conference, and John Robinson, who laboured in China thirty-seven and twenty years respectively.

Primitive Methodist.

Rev. W. L. Watkinson, President of the Wesleyan Conference, has agreed to preach the annual sermon for the Council in London, February 8th.

Rev. Thos. Jackson has made arrangements for students to spend their Christmas and other vacations in work at the Working Lads' Institute, Whitechapel, London.

Recent Deaths.

The Obituary List in the Wesleyan Conference Minutes contains fifty-three names. The average life was 63½ years, the oldest being in his ninetieth year and the youngest just turned 25 years. The period in the ministry averaged 46 years.

On the last week in November, Rev. J. A. Diome, missionary at Caughnawaga, came to his death while walking on the railway near Montreal. He was very deaf and was not aware that a train was coming rapidly after him, and was struck by the engine. He had only been in the ministry seven years.

Rev. W. B. Jost, B.A., of New Brunswick, was a young man of more than ordinary ability, of whom many years of usefulness were expected, but he was called to his reward in the morning of life. His father and grandfather were Methodist ministers. With a view to better fit himself for the ministry he went to Chicago to pursue a post-graduate course, when he was seized with typhoid fever and soon died. Among his last words were: "My heart is full of the love of Christ, and God's will is best."

Rev. R. R. Wilson, Hamilton Conference, entered the joy of his Lord after being four years in the ministry. He was deservedly esteemed for his amiable disposition and manliness. In respect to study he was wonderfully successful and gave promise of great usefulness. His death is greatly lamented.

Rev. Thomas Swindell, Primitive Methodist minister, Norwich, Eng., died November 8th, aged 83. He was in the active work thirty-eight years, the whole of which was spent in Manchester and Norwich Districts. Two of his sons are in the ministry.

Rev. Dr. Raymond, for several years Professor in Evanston University, has gone to his reward at the ripe age of 86 years. He spent a few years in the pastorate. The Wesleyan Academy and Garrett Biblical Institute shared his labours for many years. He left behind him a valuable work on "Systematic Theology," in two volumes.

A MESSAGE FROM HOME.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

No wintry blast,
No skies o'ercast,
No more decline of day;
But genial air,
Heaven's dome serenely fair,
And light alway.

No longings sore
For joys of yore,
And friends that were so dear:
The last tear dried,
Each yearning satisfied,
And loved ones near.

Toronto.

No weariness,
No cares oppress,
No pain nor weakness more;
But rest at last,
Perplexing thought all past,
And suffering o'er.

No dying hour.—
Dark death's dread power
Forever passed away;
Who enter Here
Drink of God's River clear,
And live for aye.

ST. STEPHEN'S CATHEDRAL, VIENNA.